THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Sunday, Sept. 23, 1934

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"Signs of the Times"—

A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive



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Secret Portrait Found in Beard of Michelangelo's "Moses"

ROME.

SOME time between 1513 and 1516, the great Michelangelo finished his heroic statue of Moses which is a memorial to the memory of Pope Julius II. It was one of the sculptural wonders of the 16th century and it has remained so to this day.

Hundreds of thousands of people have gazed on the huge statue of the prophet in the small church of San Pietro, but it was not until a short time ago that one Don Giuseppe Farroni, a priest making a study of the art of the Vatican, made the interesting observation that Michelangelo had cleverly chiseled into the flowing beard of Moses a small head of Pope Julius II. One of the photographs on this page shows a close-up of the profile of the powerful prelate who passed on to his reward more than four centuries ago.

It was quite by accident that Don Giuseppe made the discovery that has sent additional thousands of people to see the massive figure of one of the greatest of Biblical characters. He had been studying two paintings hung on the walls of the place of worship and when it became too dark for him to work longer he passed before the statue of Moses and regarded the masterpiece in the failing evening light.

Suddenly, when the light fell on the statue at exactly the right angle and with just the right intensity, the priest's trained eyes discerned what appeared to be a face formed of the folds of the beard just below the prophet's lower lip. After a few moments study he made out the features as those of Pope Julius II, of whom he had seen paintings and plaques.

The discovery caused considerable of a stir among the world's connoisseurs of religious art.



The Michelangelo Sculpture of "Moses," Which for Centuries Was Scrutinized Before the Artist's Cleverly Concealed Figure Was Noticed. At the Right Is an Enlargement of the Face of the Figure, Showing Michelangelo's Portrait of Pope Julius II in the Beard.

Sad Ending to Career of "Perennial Prodigy"

VIENNA.

A FEW weeks ago the police of the Austrian capital were called to one of the city's fashionable hotels to arrest a middle-aged woman on the complaint of a visiting hotel manager who remembered the wrinkled, rather homely face. Her name, he said, was Mrs. May Keller, and she had forgotten to pay a sizable bill when she took French leave of his hostelry.

The man was right about the woman but he was wrong about the name. In police headquarters the woman finally confessed that she was Amelie Weil who, as an infant prodigy on the violin, had held the rapt attention of European music lovers for 14 years. She had, she explained bitterly, fallen on evil days since her marriage to a prominent Vienna lawyer. She had gone through a fortune her mother left her and her marriage had been dissolved in the divorce courts. But, although she didn't have the money to live in the luxury that she once knew, she registered at one hotel after another under assumed names and skipped out when pressed too hard for payment of her bills. She revealed that she is now 52 years old.

Many people, when they read of Amelie Weil's arrest, recalled that she had been nicknamed the "perennial prodigy" because, after her first successful recital at the age of six, she had been billed as a child until she reached the age of twenty.



Amelie Weil, as She Appeared After Her Recent Arrest on the Charge of Fraud. At the Upper Right Is a Likeness of the Perennial Musical Prodigy in Her Heyday in Vienna. She Gave Her First Concert at the Age of Six —and Remained a Prodigy Too Long, Being Advertised as a Youngster Even at the Age of 20.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

MISS ELINOR EDMERSTON, the good-looking young resident of California in the photograph above, doesn't know yet whether she has started a new vogue in beach wear or not. But she's afraid she has because so many of her friends have gone in for copies of her costume which she, herself, inspired by her athletic prowess.

Miss Edmerston is, as girls go, a remarkable athlete. Besides being an expert swimmer and diver, she plays a game of golf that many a man would envy, rides like a trooper and shoots a mean arrow in an archery contest. As an amateur, of course, she goes in for baseball and for the manly art of self defense.

Georges Boris, "the artist who paints with the scissors," cut out the silhouettes that decorate Miss Edmerston's costume, and she took time out from her daily routine of exercise, to sew them on.

Dog Appoints Himself Guardian of Chicks

PAL, a German police dog, owned by Ellsworth Hay, a farmer, who lives near Beloit, Wis., turned out to be more than a pal to the 1,500 chicks recently raised on the Hay farm.

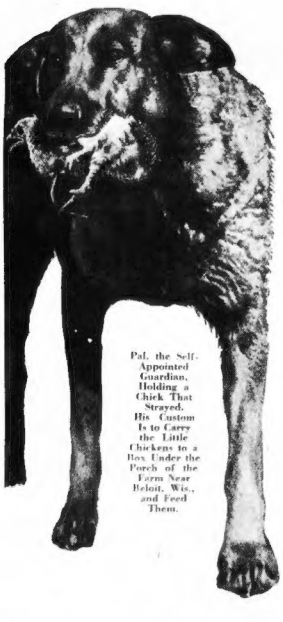
Unlike some police dogs, who take great delight in frightening squirrels, catching rabbits and biting the tails off tomcats, Pal is tender and considerate and treated the baby chicks with the same kindness and affection that he would show a puppy.

When two of the chicks on the Hay farm injured themselves and became sort of outcasts of the flock, Mrs. Hay turned them over to Pal for personal supervision. Taking his new duties seriously, along with getting the cows in the afternoon and guarding the premises at night, Pal "mothered" the two chicks and kept on intimate terms with the remainder of the large flock.

The dog watched the two chicks night and day, picking them up in his mouth from time to time and carrying them to a box under the back porch of the farmhouse. Pal washed the chicks like a mother dog or cat washes puppies and kittens and rustled up a crust of bread, an apple core or a grub or two now and then for his charges.

In return the chicks cuddled close to the dog at times and "peeped their heads off," according to Hay, whenever Pal left them for a few moments. At night the dog took the chicks into his mouth and carried them to a box in the kitchen, and if at any time in the night his adopted ones peeped and wanted attention Pal awakened the entire household with his barking to see that they got it.

In addition to his trick of minding the chicks, Pal has many others. He sits up, walks on his hind legs, catches a baseball in his mouth, returns thrown objects and does other things on command.



Pal, the Self-Appointed Guardian, Holding a Chick That Strayed. His Custom Is to Carry the Little Chickens to a Box Under the Porch of the Farm Near Beloit, Wis., and Feed Them.

No Room for Any More Medals

EDYTHE BORCHARDT, a young woman who hails from Yonkers, N. Y., was something of a problem to her campus mates at Cedar Crest College, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, as well as the special pride of the current graduating class.

Miss Borchardt is a swimmer and a scholar. In the classroom and in the water she was a champion and, in emulating the swimming vertebrates in competition with other college athletes, she gathered no less than sixty-five medals. By the time the judges had pinned the sixty-fifth award on her bathing suit there was no room for any more emblems of victory. Her admiring fellow students thought that one way to solve the problem was to have one medal designed and cast which would attest to her more than three-score conquests.

The much-medalled Edythe, as much as she enjoys speeding through the water, doesn't place a particularly high value on the collection of prizes.

The girl gets much more satisfaction from her scholastic record, and well she might, because in all the sixty-six years that CedarCrest College has been imparting education and culture, no one ever has been graduated with the high ranks that were hers.

"Swimming is good exercise, and fun," Miss Borchardt remarked a short time before she was handed her sheepskin, "but after all a girl can't swim away the problems of existence or add much to her mental stature by kicking back and forth in a swimming pool.

"Some of my friends, who look upon a professional athletic career as pleasant, profitable and glamorous, have urged me to put in the next few years adding to my collection of medals, and at the same time earn a good income by instructing others in the sport. I can't see that at all. I shall go in the water for relaxation and exercise for many years, I hope, but the prospect of using my brains and applying my education to the business of making a useful and successful life is much more thrilling."



Edythe Borchardt, of Cedar Crest College, Allentown, Pa., Wearing Her Multitudinous Medals. There's No Room for Any More, So Her Friends Are Proposing That a Master Medal Be Cast to Include a Record of the 65 Others.

Nature Makes a Necklace

MUCH of the world's best art is an imitation of Nature, but when Mother Nature sets her hand to the task she can, with the simplest materials, turn out masterpieces beside which the finest works of human hands are coarse and crude.

Take, as a case in point, the photograph at the right. The jeweler who could produce such a fragile and lovely creation would be the superior of the famous Cellini—but there is no such artisan. Wise old Mother Nature, seemingly without effort, tossed off this delicate gem by adorning a common spider web with a few dew drops and although Man never has made so beautiful a thing in the same pattern, such delights to the eye and the mind are to be seen by the thousand here and there about the world, every day.

The German photographer who captured the picture knew that he had stumbled upon one of the best "shots" of the kind ever taken.



Unusual Photograph of a Necklace Made by Nature—With the Assistance of a Spider. The Framework Was Spun by the Insect, and Dewdrops Which Bedecked It Like Sparkling Jewels Attracted the Wandering Photographer, Who Found It in a Suburb of Berlin.

Nobility Works for $11.50 a Week

LORD Naas, the 42-year-old eldest son of the eighth Earl of Mayo, can take it. Like many another scion of British nobility, the depression has robbed him of about everything except his title, but he has refused to bog down and eke out an existence by borrowing from his fashionable friends who would be glad to help him.

A few weeks ago someone who knew him chanced to see him pushing a wheelbarrow on a construction job in Croydon. The wage for this menial labor was 45 shillings a week—the equivalent of $11.50 at the present rate of exchange.

Lord Naas was performing his strenuous and ill-paid duties with obvious good nature and did not seem at all sorry for himself. "This job," he said in answer to questions by the person who recognized him, "has been a godsend. It's not much, as jobs go, but it keeps me alive."

Further questioning brought out the fact that the nobleman who once rode to hounds with the best of them and who was a celebrated host to his peers was living in a small room.

"My quarters," he said, "are cluttered up with riding togs, cricket bats and other things which I have no further use for.. Probably I'll have to get rid of some of this duffle in the interest of comfort."

Lord Naas explained that none of his fellow laborers suspected his identity because he was using the name of Ulick, his family name, and he would have talked a bit more about his work-a-day life if the foreman hadn't yelled, "Hey, you, quit the chinning and roll that blooming barrow."

Want the Picture on the Cover?

THE attractive painting reproduced on the cover of this issue of The American Weekly is another in a new series of fascinating works of art by Henry Clive, the distinguished American artist.

The series is known as "Signs of the Times."

Each of the Clive paintings in the series depicts a subtle and amusing incident in the life of a typical American beauty of our generation. Each is actually an editorial without words by a master of the brush and palette.

The American Weekly anticipates requests for copies of these paintings since many readers often ask for reproductions of the colorful illustrations on the cover of this magazine.

Such requests must frequently be denied for reproductions are not always available.

It has been decided, however, to prepare handsome copies of the Clive paintings in the "Signs of the Times" series on heavy, glossy paper, suitable for framing.

Any reader desiring an unfolded copy of the Clive picture on the cover of this issue can get one by mailing 10 cents, with the coupon printed below, to the address specified on the coupon.

—CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL AS DIRECTED.—

The American Weekly, Room 500, 148 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

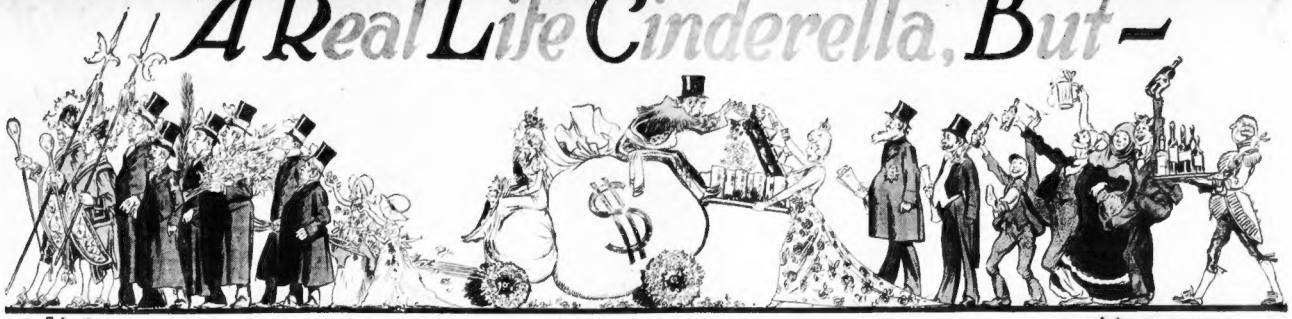
Enclosed is ten cents. Send me the reproduction of the Henry Clive painting on the front cover of the Sept. 23rd issue of The American Weekly.

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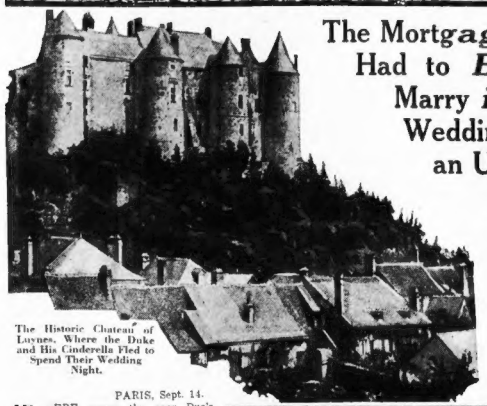
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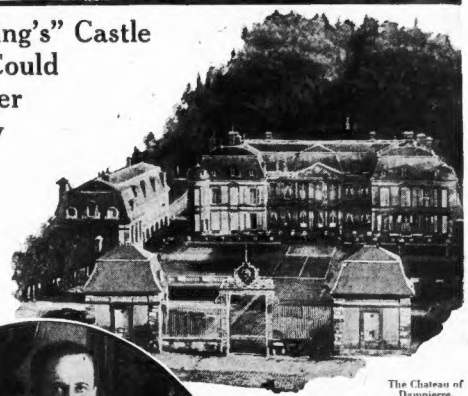
A Real Life Cinderella, But—



The Mortgage on Her "Prince Charming's" Castle Had to Be Lifted Before She Could Marry *in It*, Royalty Attended Her Wedding, but It Was Staged by an Undertaker, the Village Guests Drank Too Much, and They Had to Spend Their Bridal Night in Another Chateau



The Historic Chateau of Luynes, Where the Duke and His Cinderella Fled to Spend Their Wedding Night.



The Chateau of Dampierre, Where Cinderella and Her Prince Gave Their Wedding Banquet.

PARIS, Sept. 14.

"HERE comes the poor Duc's rich Cinderella. Now we'll have our wages paid again." Somebody shouted this from up a tree as Senorita Juanita Diaz-Unzue rode in her bridal car toward the magnificent chateau where the bridegroom, eleventh Duc of the old and proud house of Luynes, was waiting.

The French peasant is for the general principle of free speech, but also there are times when silence is golden and this was one of them. So they pulled their compatriot down from his tree and cuffed him into silence.

Considering that everyone in the village of Dampierre had been invited to eat and drink all he or she could hold that very evening at the chateau and most everyone had been going hungry and thirsty in anticipation, such immoderate frankness did seem contrary to public policy.

Senorita Juanita Diaz-Unzue certainly is a Cinderella—with modern trimmings. At the age of three she was an orphan in a Buenos Aires foundling asylum—and the other day, at the age of twenty-one, a Duchess, bride of the Duc de Luynes, one of the most desirable titles of Europe.

The wedding, celebrated in the palace of Dampierre, a landmark since 1662, outdid anything of the sort in France for a decade as far as glittering pomp, extravagance, popping of champagne corks and the presence of noble and royal guests are concerned. When the prolonged festivities were finally over, the Duc and the Duchess went on to another of their castles, at Luynes, with peasant-proof battlements forty feet high, for the honeymoon.

Thus far the career of Juanita beat that of the original Cinderella because, adopted as she was at a tender age by the fabulously rich Senor Saturno Unzue and brought up in luxury worthy of such wealth, the girl skipped all the kitchen drudgery. Unfortunately that isn't all. Perhaps it wasn't all in the case of the original Cinderella. They did not have competent reporters in the old days.

One detail which knocked the whole old fairy story "cock-eyed" is that the Dowager Duchess discovered Juanita and made the match. Those who know Dowager Duchesses intimately consider them miscast in the role of fairy godmothers—they are too practical.

Besides the peasant's interesting suggestion about the wages, the noble Duc appeared with other financial strings tied to him. The cost of a showy wedding is supposed to be born by the bride's family, if they can stand it, and Senor Unzue wanted the biggest and best of everything. The Bishop of Chartres, in purple robes and mitre, assisted by a prelate imported from the Argentine, was to perform in the village church, containing the burial vault of all the previous ten holders of the title.

One of those old Ducs had impoverished the family fortunes by handing out the ducal gold to the poor. Therefore, when he died, they cut off the generous right hand and enshrined it in a special column. There was *only* the one column because his descendants preferred tossing it across the *green* tables of Monte Carlo and *into the* white hands of ladies of Paris. But why bring that up? The *Duchess* and her son did not.

A wedding on this *gorgeous* scale was really a pageant which could only be costumed, staffed *and* stage-managed properly by a certain old Paris firm which *specialized* in putting on these matrimonial *shows*. The bill would be of *staggering* size but it would not stagger this South American multi-millionaire.

Obviously the big act of the show would *be* laid in the glorious old chateau of Dampierre but the Dowager mentioned that she would have to have a little loan for back taxes in a hurry. Otherwise it would be necessary to throw the chateau open to the general public, as a historic building, which, like churches, are tax-exempt. Senor Unzue did not want anything like *that* to happen, so he wrote a nice *large* check.

This done he visited the *place and* got some more financial shocks. *There* were the fine old tapestries, *but they* were full of moth holes. *The slate* roof leaked everywhere, *causing injury* to some of the mosaics *and much of* the plumbing was only *streaks of rust*. To remedy these *things required* the labors of ordinary *plumbers* but far from ordinary *tapestry* specialists and for the mosaics *it was necessary* to borrow an *expert from the* Vatican.

Just *as all these* had been paid off a stony-*hearted* individual called with the news *that he* was about to foreclose *the mortgage* on the chateau and all *its contents*. The Senor did not *have to pay* the entire 20,000,000 *francs* but he did make another large *dent in* the South American bank roll. *It is* said that to open that Cinderella show cost him over $1,000,000, more than enough to have put on a Ziegfeld "Follies" and run it a year.

But at least the great event did come to pass. Weddings are supposed to be gay and optimistic moments where everyone hopes for the best. The music was of the right sort, the chateau was a bower of flowers, the trumpeters, heralds, halberdiers and other retainers wore costumes gaudy as peacocks, 80 maitres d'hotel supervised the pouring, dishing and serving. Yet somehow there was a funeral atmosphere over everything, so unaccountable at the time, that many felt superstitious about it, though a simple explanation was found later.



A Part of the Wedding Procession Showing Tall Ex-Queen Marie Amelie, of Portugal, Walking Ahead of "Prince Charming's" Mother, the Dowager Duchess de Luynes, Who Is On the Arm of Senor Unzue, Cinderella's Fairy Godfather.



The Duc de Luynes and His Bride, the Senorita Diaz-Unzue, Who Started Life as a Foundling and Is a Real Cinderella With Somewhat Startling Differences.



One of the Solemn-Faced Wedding Beadles.

An *ocean of red* carpet *rolled its billowy folds from the chateau's towering grill—newly painted for* the *occasion—to* the main *entrance of* the *chateau, and* across it the *wedding* procession *sailed* in the bright *sunshine*.

The cortege was preceded by two beadles, weighted down by gold embroidery, whose mien, however, suggested professional pall-bearers, and somehow this note was taken up by the choir-boys, flower-bearers and all the flunkies in spite of their multi-colored uniforms and silver buttons. It was long and impressive, like the name and titles of the groom—Philippe-Anne - Louis - Marie - Dieudonne - Jean, Duke of Luynes and of Chevreuse, Prince of Neuchatel and of Valangin, Marquis of Albert and of Danjeau, Count of Tours and of Dunois, Vicount of etc., etc. Yet somehow it suggested the tomb.

After the marching and countermarching was over and Cinderella had become a sure-enough Duchess, the guests satisfied their curiosity by gazing at the wedding-gifts, which they praised and appraised. A diamond diadem, given by Senor and Senora Unzue to their adopted daughter, attracted much attention. Like the ruby necklace presented by the Duc's mother, it came from the famous Chaumet establishment, Paris—particularly "famous" of late because M. Vigier, manager of Chaumet's branch jewelry-shop at Cannes, was in court with Jenny Dolly for helping the dancer evade a luxury-tax on a ring she bought from him.

After this began the grand attack on the wedding feast and things grew more cheerful. Over 500 bottles of champagne were opened for the guests, the corks shot off in little volleys, somewhat like firing squads. The champagne was reinforced by some 300 bottles of fifty-year-old brandy and many cases of liqueurs.

At the same time the hungry and thirsty villagers were let in. The Dowager Duchess, however, was careful to segregate these in a colonnaded passage, as of old, "where they would not come between the wind and the gentry." These included ex-Queen Amelie of Portugal and the bluest-blooded members of the Luynes, Uzes, Noailles, Brissac, Doudeauville, La Rochefoucauld, Polignac and D'Harcourt families. It was just as well for another reason. As the peasants became mellowed by the refreshment, they began to tell anecdotes about the 28-year-old Duc and his family which would hardly have added to the bride's happiness.

The villagers did not get any of the champagne, but "mousseux" which looks, smells and tastes near enough like the real thing to be good enough for peasants and most American tourists who don't know the difference. Also there was plenty of brandy.

French people of all classes, even on such memorable occasions as this, usually are sufficiently temperate to get home without assistance. But something, perhaps that funeral atmosphere, caused them to over-estimate their cubic capacity. Nearly all "passed out" making it necessary to hire the services of the patrol wagon from another village to get them all home. Policemen are not expressmen and mistakes were made. Many natives awoke next day in the wrong beds and with the wrong bed-fellows.

But they had had a great time telling how parsimoniously the Luynes family had lived before the Argentine shower of gold. Burdened by heavy taxation, the Duc's grandmother (the Duchess d'Uzes, who died in the chateau last year) had been forced to discharge her gardeners, to dispute with money-lenders—and once she had prided herself on having 600,000 pots of flowers in her garden every year! Many a valet, unpaid for months and looking gloomy as the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," tried to collect by looting larder and cellar, or spiriting away the silverware.

It is said that some of the employees of the Dowager Duchess have not been paid in twenty years. One of these stole forty-two bottles of champagne at the wedding and tried to make away with them in his wagon. The gendarmes, however, got wind of the theft and asked the Duchess if they should arrest him. She said, "No," that it would look bad at a wedding. So the gendarmes took the culprit and his bottles to the backroom of a cafe, and there they drank all the forty-two bottles, all together. It was a grand time.

The Dowager Duchess felt the menace of the future. The pecuniary distress of her mother, the prodigality of her brother Jacques, ruined by extravagances, had not been forgotten, and Philippe's passion for gaming troubled her peace of mind. Then, too, times were hard. She had seen the ranks of her retainers dwindle away, and the chateau covered with mortgages totalling 20,000,000 francs, instead of new slate-tiles, which it needed. The Dowager was of Mme. de Savigne's opinion that a rich marriage was a fine fertilizer for landed estates.

It was while on the Riviera that Senor Unzue became convinced that it would be a wonderful thing for his adopted daughter to become a Duchess. One of his weaknesses was a hankering after high blood. He had racing-stables in Argentina, England and France, plenty of cash and the Legion of Honour ribbon, but lacked a title in his "family."

After it was all over, Senor Unzue accidentally discovered where that mortuary atmosphere at the wedding came from. For several years the depression had brought a dearth of those showy, three-ring-circus weddings, bringing the one firm that specialized in that line to the verge of bankruptcy. However, people were dying just the same and apparently still splurging on funerals. Thus it came to pass that M. Saisset, head of Maison de Borniol, the biggest undertakers in France, was in financial position to absorb the wedding specialist.

It seemed, to M. Saisset, a reasonable sort of amalgamation. Marriages and deaths are printed on the same pages in newspapers. Marriage rates, birth rates and death rates rise and fall together. The undertaker considers his business an end-product of the wedding ceremony which made it logical for one man to run both ends of the industry.

Since the big-wedding business was so bad while the big funeral one remained fairly good, M. Saisset let nearly all the merry-faced wedding specialists go and broke in his own men to do their work. Thus it happened that those gaudy-costumed beadles, halberdiers, etc., were really dressed-up sextons, pall-bearers and other funeral parlor help who could not snap out of their professional coffin-side manners on this, their first big performance.

How long will this rich Cinderella live happily with her Duc Charming? In the original Cinderella story the young lady and her Prince Charming lived happily ever after. Unfortunately, that is a part of the fiction of the story. Real-life Cinderellas of the past few years have not had this luck. But perhaps Cinderella Juanita's marriage will be different.

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He's Germany's Most Nearly Perfect Child

BERLIN.

OTTO FRANZ WOLFF doesn't know that he is famous from one end of Germany to the other and that the Nazi propaganda forces have sent hundreds of pictures of him—and thousands of words about him—to editors with strict orders that these items must be published.

Otto, being less than a year old, couldn't be expected to understand that he has been adjudged the nation's most nearly perfect youngster and he is much too busy learning what the world around him is all about to worry his active young mind with such comparatively trivial matters. When his proud parents "heil Hitler!" with their right arms upraised in the familiar Nazi salute, he sometimes tries to imitate them—but he thinks the gesture is a game and, of course, doesn't associate it with loyalty to the dictator whose intense interest in the mental and physical health of the country's young bloods brought about little Otto's sudden rise to distinction.

The German Government is throwing the spotlight on the husky offspring of Herr and Frau Wolff because it wants thousands of youngsters like him—boys and girls with broad shoulders, deep chests, strong legs and sound mentalities—to grow up and do things for the progress of the Nordic race and for the greater glory of the Fatherland.

Germany's prize youngster was fortunate in his choice of parents, each of whom is athletic, clean-living and hard working. But science is taking a hand in his upbringing to be sure that his physical heritage will be made the most of. His daily life is ordered on a strict schedule as to food and play and sleep. If he were the heir to a royal throne he would not be brought up more carefully.

So far as Otto Franz himself is concerned, he does not appear to understand the great responsibilities that are his. He goes happily through his strictly ordered life drinking his grade A milk and eating his spinach. He gets a big kick out of being alive and spends many hours every day playing in the courtyard of his home, and refuses to be upset by the scores of people who drop around almost every day to study and admire him as the country's No. 1 baby.



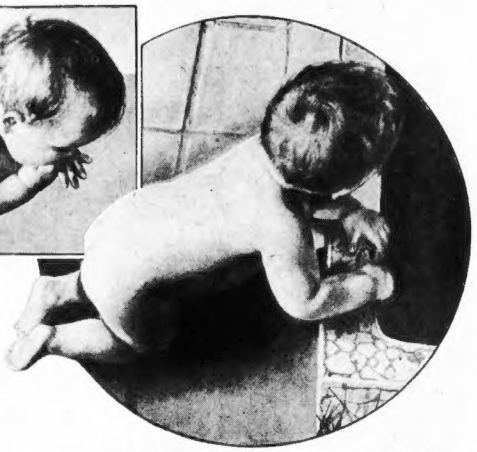
Little Otto Wolff, Aged 11 Months, Who Has Been Adjudged the Most Nearly Perfect Babe in All Germany, He Is Shown About to Make His First Exploration Trip.



"What is this? Dirt on the pavement? I'll have to investigate."



"Ah, More of It. Somebody Ought to Scrub Up This Place. I'll See What I Can Find Farther On."



"Hm! A Door. Well, There's Nobody Around, So I'll Just Wait."

American Beauty in a Sea of English Walnuts

CALIFORNIA is as proud of the fertility of its soil as of its climate and, every year, it borrows some of the tricks of the movie studios to pay honor to the legendary gods and goddesses of bountiful harvests. Incidentally these pageants of thankfulness swell the publicity that has carried the fair name of California to every corner of the world.

Perhaps the most ambitious of these annual celebrations is the Los Angeles County Fair, at which the best of the county's fruits, vegetables and flowers are spectacularly displayed and over which some comely young woman is chosen to preside as queen, attended by a court of other lovely Californians who are designated to represent the aforementioned fruits, vegetables and flowers.

The young woman shown in the photograph, up to her pretty head in walnuts, is Miss Ethel Ziegler in private life. At the county fair she was the Maid of Honor for the walnut crop and, as such, sat in the court of honor along with other young women who ruled for a day over the vineyards, the orange groves and the appie orchards.

Her regal costume was, of course, largely made up of walnuts so that no one could doubt for a minute the realm she was there to represent. In the course of her duties, she was called upon to receive delegations of visiting reporters and cameramen and to perform certain somewhat unregal stunts intended to inspire these gentlemen of the press to rush stories and pictures to their respective journals.

One of the stunts indulged in by Miss Ziegler was to install herself in a good-sized bin and suffer herself to be buried to the neck by some of her courtiers. Being the sort of ruler she was, it was inevitable that she should be immersed in walnuts. She smiled prettily throughout the operation—as a true queen should when she is on the job for her subjects.



Miss Ethel Ziegler, Maid-of-Honor for the California Walnut Crop Festival at the Los Angeles County Fair, Photographed in a Sea of the Somewhat Mismated English Walnuts.

Curious Laws That Survive for No Reason

IT is one thing to put a law on the statute books and quite another thing to get it off. The historic battle to make America dry and, later, to restore it to wetness, is an outstanding example that still is fresh in the minds of the country's citizens. Some people thought that the Prohibition Amendment was a fool law in the first place and that it was an insult to the intelligence and independence of a democratic populace, but—assuming that they were right—it was a paragon of logic and justice compared to some laws that may be found today on the statute books of many states. Of course, these laws are unenforced and unenforceable, but they are laws for all that.

Virginia, for example, has a law which states that any citizen who misses church for three Sundays in a row is a public enemy and, as such, may be put to death.

In North Carolina it still is illegal to sing out of tune at religious service and a devout worshiper may be fined because he was not blessed with a true musical ear.

Michigan, a long time ago, passed a law setting forth that it was illegal for a wife to kiss her husband, or vice versa, on the Sabbath Day. West Virginia, for some mysterious reason, made it a misdemeanor for anyone to sneeze on a Sunday. The makers of the law did not even excuse the victims of common colds and hay fever. Maine, famed as the cradle of prohibition, once saw fit to make it an offense against the state, to whistle on the Lord's Day.

Arkansas can boast a law to match those of Michigan, West Virginia and Maine—it intended to regulate the Sunday behavior of citizens. This still live statute provides that no one shall play cards or, of all things, fly kites on the traditional day of rest.

Some of the "goofiest" laws which never have been repealed have to do with transportation and the regulation of traffic. In Kansas trains approaching the same crossing are supposed to come to a dead stop and not pass until it is decided which train shall proceed first. Silly as this seems in a day of automatic signals, it is a sound and sensible law compared with the Tennessee statute which reads: "The driver of any automobile must give ten days' notice that he is going to drive along any road by tacking notices to the side of the road."

The prize, however, goes to Oklahoma for a law which makes it illegal to fish for whales in any of the state's rivers or streams.

Two-Room Modern Cottages for Cats

ENGLAND is an unusually dog-conscious country and the British Isles are dotted with up-to-date kennels where dogs are bred and housed. The country also has many animal hospitals, maintained primarily for dogs that are injured or ailing. Until recently comparatively little thought was given to similar establishments for cats—and there are almost as many "tabbies" in England as there are dogs.

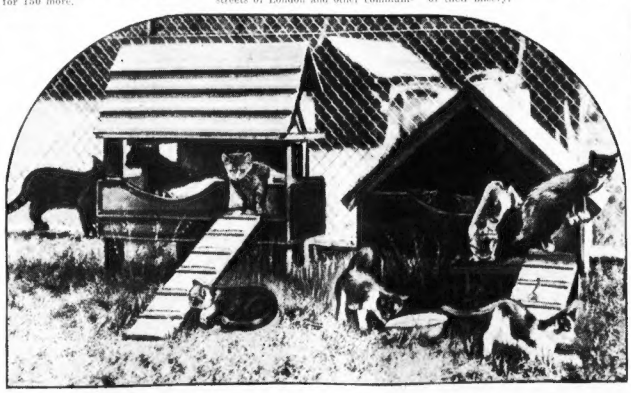
Thanks to the humane interest of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the cats will get a better break in the future and one "cat colony" already is in operation on a six-acre plot of ground in Thames Ditton, Surrey. The photographs show two scenes taken at the recently opened institution, which is a combination of hospital and rest home.

The pussies instead of being crowded together in pens, as is usually the case, are comfortably installed in neat two-room cottages, just the right size for cleanliness and comfort. The sides are open so that the animals get plenty of fresh air and sunlight and there are waterproof curtains that let down when the weather is cold or stormy.

Around the colony's cottages are spacious exercise yards where the felines can wander around to their hearts' content and trees for them to climb when they feel the urge to get off the ground, which all cats sometimes do.

The menu at the cat colony is carefully worked out so that the four-footed guests of the reservation get just the right amount of milk and fish and all the other food that cats need to keep healthy and happy. At the moment there are 70 cats at the colony and accommodations are being built for 150 more.

Close by the cottages is a hospital presided over by a veterinary who specializes in feline ills. Sick, undernourished and injured cats taken from the streets of London and other communities are first put in the hospital and restored to health before being assigned to a cottage. Hopelessly ill cats are, of course, painlessly put out of their misery.



Inmates and a Few Neighbors Occupying Two Different Types of the Cat Cottages.



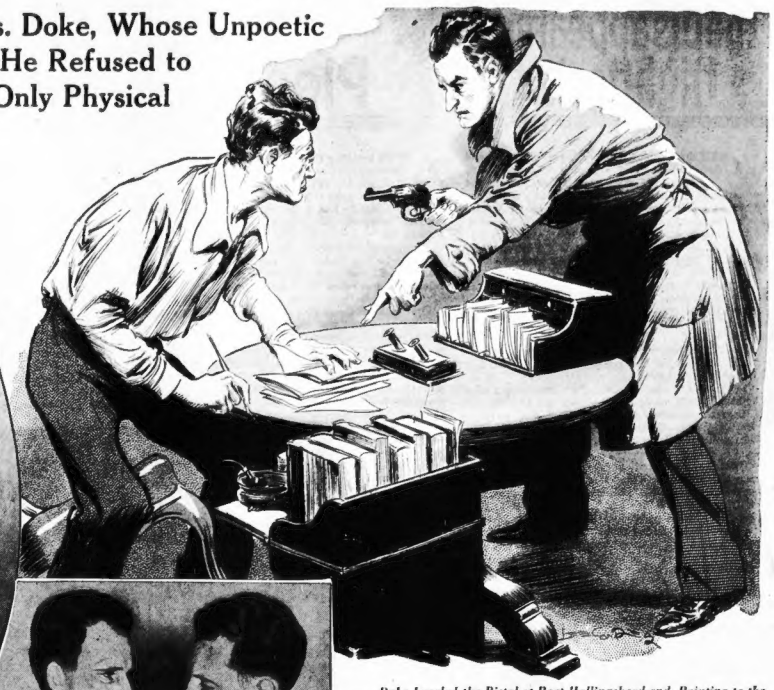
A Few of the Cottage Dwellers Taking Advantage of the Restaurant Facilities.

"I Am Everything An Unfaithful Wife Could Be"

The Penitent Confession of Poetic Mrs. Doke, Whose Unpoetic Husband Killed Her Poet Lover When He Refused to Write Her That His Love Had Been Only Physical



Mrs. Judson C. Doke, the "Helen Louise" of the Love Letters and Poetry, Who, Despite Her Betrayal of Her Husband and the Killing of Her Lover, Is Doing Her Best to Secure Her Husband's Release, Asserting That She Always Loved Him.



Doke Leveled the Pistol at Poet Hollingshead and, Pointing to the Table, Said: "Write to my wife that your love for her was only physical—and I'll let you live. Hurry, for my finger is itching."

"I'll be damned if I write such a lie," Cried the Poet. "You can kill me first."

And the Husband Did.



The Husband, Judson Doke (at Left), With His Brother Norman, After His Arrest.



Lamar Hollingshead, the Young Poet, Whose Affair With Mrs. Doke Led to His Death.

"I KNOW all about your affair with my wife," said Judson Charles Doke, health inspector of San Leandro, California, with a pistol covering the other man. "Here are your letters and hers. Write her that your love for her was only physical—and I'll let you live."

The young poet, Lamar Hollingshead, jumped up, and flung down his pen.

"I'll be damned if I do that. You can kill me first," he cried.

So the husband killed him. That, at least, is what the California police say he told them.

A few hours later Mrs. Helen Louise Doke, whom the poet had called his "White Hibiscus," ran to her husband's cell, threw her arms around him and cried:

"I was everything an unfaithful wife could be. But I love you—I have always loved you, but I loved him, too. It was his poetry."

And the husband forgave her.

Inspector Doke is thirty-three years old, his wife only twenty-seven, but the real difference is in their temperaments. She is poetic but he is not—his is not a poetic job. As health officer he must remember all his duties and fulfill them or there is trouble for himself and the municipality. The laws are many and complicated and he must not overstep any or there will be more trouble. It is a hard, practical job, calling for a hard-headed, practical man, but a just and patient one.

He could not comprehend why she would go into ecstasies over various poems he found her reading, but then she herself was a poetess, and so he knew that at least part of the time she lived in a world apart and all her own.

Then after a while he began to doubt that she lived all alone in that world, and to doubt, too, if it was the ethereal sphere of poetic imagination. It seemed to him that it must be quite as real as his world, and in fact that same world. And that whoever it was with whom she shared it was quite as material as he was himself.

After a patient investigation he found that all this was indeed true, and that his poetic wife was carrying on a clandestine correspondence with Lamar Hollingshead, a young poet who was working his way through California University. Hollingshead was more than a poet of promise—he had poems in the leading magazines and a volume was being prepared for the presses which the literary folk who had read its verses all said would give him at once an enviable place in modern American literature.

It was to be called "The White Hibiscus," and it was dedicated to some woman who had been its inspiration. Doke had a suspicion that the inspiration was Helen Louise, his wife. In some way he found that the correspondence was carried on through an intermediary, a woman who was acting as "post office" for Helen Louise and Lamar. With quite unpoetical shrewdness, his wife and Lamar had arranged that this "post office" would not only receive the letters they wrote to each other, but after they had read them, retained them. In this way no incriminating documents could be found by a prying husband or by snoopers around the poet's rooms.

But one day the health officer called on the intermediary and made her surrender to him all that correspondence. He took the letters home and here are some of the things he read:

"My Dearest: For some reason I've always wanted you to have this. (A white scarf.) Perhaps it is some old medieval urge to give you a token of my love. I wore this, and the moonlight, in Summer. Keep it—remembering the whiteness and warmth of my body. Always,

"HELEN LOUISE."

From Hollingshead had come this reply:

"Oh, Dear One, my own Sweet Bride: Your letter came today. Oh, how I will cherish that silken, lovely scarf coming from your white loveliness. It will go with my leather blotter-holder which my mother gave me—always, always. She is mother of my flesh; you are mother of my soul. You are possessor of my poetic heart, forever and a day."

What might have been an answer, headed "Bedtime" and signed "Helen Louise," read:

"I lie here quite uncovered on my bed and shamelessly adore myself with your eyes. I am not really ivory any longer (referring to sunburn) and I think you'll love me as I am now. I love you and your dear, beautiful, sensitive hands and mouth. Good-night, dearest, ah, good-night."

And again, Doke read: "Oh darling, my sweet, lovely bride, my heart is crying for you and your tender warmth—"

Doke told the police that of all the things he read these references to Mrs. Doke as the poet's "bride" infuriated him the most. He had heard of poetic license, but no license would let any man write things like that. However, he restrained himself and picked up this:

"When you lie close to my heart, and your dark hair flowing across my lips, I will look back across the space that has traveled and remember dear, the coming of this scarf.

"Oh, this day is too vivid with the swell of courage in my heart to ever forget. It is the sensual, fragile things that you give me which thrill beyond worldly comprehension. I kiss you tenderly — tenderly — oh, so tenderly!

"Lamar, and always Lamar forever and a day."

He then read this by his wife to the poet:

"My Dearest One: How thrillingly beautiful the world will be when you come back. Our letters are everything now—but I must have you—you and your strong presence and your beautiful, sensitive intellect and imagination —and your hands! I woke the other morning thinking of them and the world burned."

Doke could not remember that she had ever complimented his own capable hands and wondered what was the matter with them. There was more about hands in a verse from Hollingshead to her:

"There was only a grey expanse
of light on the sea,
And a ship, closed-hauled in its sleeves,
And pointing to the bed where
covers lay turned back,
'That bed has rested only gentle
folk.'"

It seemed to explain to the husband a recent occasion when Helen Louise had mysteriously and romantically insisted on a fire of oak logs, and after staring into it with an almost hypnotized expression, had suddenly kissed him with such fervor as she had not shown since the honeymoon.

"Woman, ever mysterious woman," he had thought, almost poetically, at the time. Now the mystery, he thought, was solved. She had been pretending to herself that he, her husband, was the absent poet-lover.

"Gentle folk." Wasn't he gentle folk, as much as Hollingshead? Doke found another poem by his wife which seemed to touch on that theme, but cast little light on it. The poem read:

"They were alone.
He drew her to him
And the first of their passion
Swept over them.
We are not gentle,
We can never be
Gentle until this."
Nor did the poet's answer clarify matters:

"And their terrible broken faces
Seemed to move down against us,
Silently, methodically
Until the heavy sea met them and
the force of their union
Came over us where they lay
terrified,
Terrified at this long struggle of
atom against atom
That would endure when we were
gone."

Anxiously the husband ran through many more verses and letters looking for some excuse, some charge against him that would at least mitigate the apparent betrayal. Finally he came across the following poem by his wife which he did not understand but suspected might convey some veiled poetic accusation.

"Once she had
A silver Poplar where the wheat
fields surged
A golden tide up to her door.
She opened windows wide
To let its shadow lie upon the
floor.

"It was her lover
And her child through all the
lonely hours
When sunlight crept
Into the dim old-fashioned room,
And wearily he slept.

"He cut it down.
The shining silver dream of her
existence,
And heard her cry of sudden
fear,
'The roots are gone!'
He wiped his dampened forehead
And thought her—queer."

The husband cooled off before acting and decided to give his wife another chance. He wrote Hollingshead that he must never see his wife nor write to her again, and he told Helen Louise that he had done so. Instead of being grateful she hastily wrote her lover this:

"Dearest: I am sitting on the marble bench and my heart is like that of a frightened bird. Judson told me that he had written to you, and I beg of you not to answer him. Let the letter lie—forget everything but silence. I am afraid.

"Don't plan to see me. It may spell tragedy."

The poet would have prevented the tragedy as shown by his reply:

"Dear One: Your letter came this morning. Helen, we have wounded a human heart and now it bleeds. It is up to us to heal that heart; no matter what it may cost us in emotion and anxiety.

"Your staying with Judson will not make me lonely, for I will go on writing the book (The White Hibiscus) that I have outlined, and in doing so will carry on into language the fineness of a great love—a love greater than the flesh—a love so great that it would not harm another soul for its existence.

"You must love out in cycles with Judson. No one can will a cycle and no one can break a cycle without causing death. You believe in the divinity of things, and I do. Let us be thoroughbreds about it.

"Helen, dear, something tells me that when I am 25 my literary success and security will be assured. By then, the wound will be healed and our love will be tested. In spirit we will always be together, and occasionally, in all dignity, we can meet in Berkeley. Helen, darling, I am not trying to hide a hope for the future behind a prearranged plan. Go on with Judson and don't try to span fate, for that is tragic."

Doke receiving no answer to his letter, pocketed his gun and drove to the ranch in Yolo County where the poet was working to pay for next Winter's tuition. Finding Hollingshead in the ranch house kitchen, Doke says he made his offer and, when this was refused, saw red and fired. Then placing a water bucket beside the dying man he drove three miles to Arbuckle for a doctor. Before he returned they had taken the poet to a hospital where he died.

But District Attorney C. C. McDonald declared that Hollingshead in a dying statement had said that he had exchanged his love letters from Helen Louise for his own, and had sat down to write the letter Doke had asked. His exact statement, McDonald said, was this:

"Doke came to see me. He wanted a statement that all I wanted was her body. I refused, and he shot me. I had a pen in my hand and he told me to hurry up, that his finger was itching. I just got down to the date when he shot me."

Perhaps before this page appears a jury will have decided whether the husband is guilty of murder or not, and the poetic unfaithful wife will be his star witness. She has vowed to do all she can to help him. Curiously enough, neither Doke nor the prosecution wants any poets on the jury.

Helen Louise comes from a home on the range where, according to the song, "Seldom is heard a discouraging word." Perhaps a little healthy discouragement, applied early in life with the back of a hairbrush, would have prevented all this.

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Mystery Of The Disappearing High Heels

WHILE dressing for a bridge party which she and her husband were preparing to attend, Mrs. Gerald Croxen, of Peotone, Illinois, opened the door of her clothes closet the other day and reached for her best patent leather pumps. When she held the shoes up in her hand and gazed at them, she was at first puzzled, and then vexed.

"Gerald!" she called to her husband. "Will you please look at these shoes? These are the ones I wanted to wear tonight."

Mr. Croxen inspected the shoes and made the accurate observation that "the heels are missing."

"I see that all right, but what do you suppose happened to them?"

"Search me!"

Mrs. Croxen had not been driving nails with them—certainly not with her best pumps—and the Croxens had no dog they could blame.

"You'll have to wear another pair." Mr. Croxens tried to be helpful by reaching into the closet and bringing out Mrs. Croxen's snakeskin slippers. "Won't these do?"

But it was immediately obvious that the snakeskin slippers would not do, either—for they also were without heels.

"What do you know about that!" exclaimed Mr. Croxen. He hurriedly took an inventory of all Mrs. Croxen's shoes, and found that the heels had been ripped from five pairs. Only those with high heels had been molested. Mrs. Croxen broke down and wept. How could she go to a bridge party in low-heeled shoes? But she did—just the same. She wore the walking shoes she had on, and felt silly.

The next day when she took the mutilated shoes to the



Knowlton Happened to Drop by the House and Heard a Footstep in the Bedroom. He Went There and Found That Someone Was Bent Over, Rummaging Through the Clothes Closet. Knowlton Rushed the Intruder.

cobbler for repairs, she felt even sillier. Suppose he should ask her what kind of gallivanting she had been up to, breaking the heels from five pairs of shoes—what could she say? But the cobbler surprised her by not being in the least surprised himself. He examined the shoes, and noticing her confusion, he nodded.

"You don't know how it happened, do you? I thought so. Well, I don't either, but you need not be embarrassed about it. Your neighbor is in the same boat. She was in here a little while ago with two pairs that had the heels ripped off in this same way, and she was just as puzzled as you are."

Mrs. Croxen consulted her neighbor, who said, "You don't mean it! Five pairs? Well, for pity's sake. I don't know what to make of it!" They told their friends over the telephones and back fences, until by supper time the whole town knew about it. All over Peotone, housewives rushed to their clothes closets, and a number of them found that their shoes also had been robbed of their heels. Some blamed it on their dogs, and punished the dogs on suspicion. But others pointed out that dogs could not be responsible for this wholesale heel theft, since they had no dogs and their houses had been locked so no stray dogs could have entered.

A few days later Mrs. Croxen was dressing to go downtown when she discovered that her clothes closet had been visited again. The heels had been ripped from each of the five pairs she had had repaired. Some people, particularly those men who consider high heels ridiculous, thought it was all a joke, perpetrated by someone who had an aversion to high heels. But the women of Peotone v' o had lost their heels did not see it as a joke. They were furious, and demanded that the authorities do something about it. But the authorities were helpless—until Deputy Sheriff Knowlton stumbled upon the solution.

One afternoon, Mrs. Knowlton, the deputy's wife, started out to do her shopping. She locked the door, put the key where "no one would ever think of looking for it" —under the doormat—and drove away in the family automobile. A little while later, Knowlton happened to drop by the house to get something.

He heard a footstep in the bedroom, and knowing his wife was away, he advanced cautiously. Someone was bent over, rummaging through the clothes closet. Knowlton rushed the intruder, led with his left and swung with his right. Then he took a good look at his captive, who was almost knocked-out, and saw that he had caught a 15-year-old boy.

The youth, Hainz Schmidt, was an eighth-grade honor student. Badly frightened, he admitted that he had been ripping the heels from the shoes of the women of Peotone. He even told the deputy sheriff that he had a box of high heels from women's shoes under his bed at home. But he was unable to explain why he had taken them. He said he was sorry, but he did not know why he had done it.

Officers who questioned him explained it on the grounds that he was mischievous and destructive. But Dr. Alex Hershfield, of Chicago, a psychiatrist who was called in on the case, understood what was wrong right away.

He told the boy's parents there was no need for them to be alarmed.

"The boy is precocious," the doctor said. "His imagination runs away with him. But fortunately this morbid condition has been discovered before it is too late to correct it. I'm certain I can straighten him out in a little while so he will grow up normally."

Cast Off 12 Lovers; Wed The 13th, To Please Mother's Spirit

AFTER breaking 12 engagements in four years, Mlle. Arlette Dulac, of Amiens, France, was married recently to her 13th fiance, and she ardently hopes that for her the number 13 will prove to be lucky.

"I've certainly had a difficult enough time getting married," she said. "So I do hope I've found the right man at last."

Her reason for breaking the previous engagements was the same in each instance—but it was not because Mlle. Dulac herself was finicky or hard to please. Each of her rejected fiances suited her in every way.

"I was sincerely in love on each occasion," she said.

But each time, just as the wedding was about to come off, she announced that the spirit of her mother had appeared to her in a dream and said, "No!" Mlle. Dulac has profound respect for the judgment of her departed mother.

Her mother died shortly after the girl was born. But Mlle. Dulac was thoroughly familiar with the mother's appearance, and had no trouble recognizing the vision which she said came to her in her dreams, for hanging on the wall of her bedroom was a portrait of her mother — an excellent likeness.

The mother had been interested in spiritualism. When she was on the point of death she said to the assembled family: "If there is anything to the theory of life after death and the possibility of revisiting the earth, I am going to come back whenever it is necessary for me to give my daughter advice at critical stages in her life."

During Mlle. Dulac's childhood the mother's promise was often repeated to the girl by members of the family, but she did not start having visions until just after the first of her series of record-breaking engagements was announced. She woke up one morning, rubbed her eyes, looked dazed and informed the smiling maid who had brought her coffee and rolls that there was not going to be any wedding, so please cease congratulating her.



The Very First Night After the Engagement, Mlle. Arlette Had Another Dream in Which She Saw Her Mother's Solemn Countenance, and in the Morning She Reported That Her Mother Has Again Forbidden the Wedding.

All available members of the family were hastily assembled—uncles, aunts and cousins, both close and remote. They listened to Mlle. Dulac tell about her dream, and said, "How marvellous! You must break the engagement, of course—and try again."

Mlle. Dulac frowned. To see her mother in a dream was one thing, but to heed advice that had been given her in a dream was another. If the mother could return to the earth, why couldn't she materialize while her daughter was awake? Besides, Mlle. Dulac was devoted to the first of her long line of fiances—as she was afterwards to be devoted to each of the others in turn.

"But no," she said. "I will go through with the marriage."

Those of her relatives who had heard the mother's promise were shocked. They pleaded, but Mlle. Dulac was adamant—until a few nights later she had another dream, and again saw her mother's sorrowful face.

When members of the family heard about the second visitation, they were insistent. Eventually, Mlle. Dulac yielded to their pressure, and set out upon her unique career of engagement breaking.

After telling her first fiance that despite her undying devotion for him, "it simply could not be," she was miserable—for fully six weeks. She either kept to her room, sadly fingering fond mementoes of her unhappy love affair, or wandered dejectedly through the garden. But her grief was always with her. Wherever she looked she saw something to remind her of her plight—birds building their nests, the butcher's boy loitering around the service entrance for a word with the scullery maid. All nature seemed to be in a conspiracy to mock her. But her mother, although dead, apparently knew best—so she bore her tribulation bravely.

Then, one afternoon, the parish priest brought a young man to call. When members of the family first went for Mlle. Arlette and told her to hurry up and put on her most entrancing dress, so she could assist in entertaining the young man—who was most attractive—she shook her head and mournfully replied: "Life is so empty—I'm afraid I could not even be courteous to him."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed one of her aunts. "He has curly hair, and a dimple in his chin. You know very well you could be courteous, at least, to a young man with curly hair and a dimple in his chin."

"Well," Mlle. Dulac opened her closet door, "I don't want him to think I'm rude. Which do you think will please him most) the flowered georgette or the lavender organdie?"

A little later she was showing the young man the bird bath. Evidently he found her gentle melancholy quite appealing, for he was presently trying to console her.

"But no," she said. "You are very kind. I don't want you to think that I do not appreciate your sympathy—but there are some wounds that never heal." She sighed: "Still, you are sweet. Won't you come to see me again?"

Naturally, he did come to see her again—every day, in fact, for the next week or so, and shortly she announced that she and the young man were engaged. The family was pleased. Surely she had made no mistake this time — surely this suitor would meet with the approval of the mother's spirit.

But alas! They were wrong. The very first night after the engagement was publicly announced Mlle. Arlette had another dream in which she saw her mother's solemn countenance, and in the morning she reported that her mother had forbidden this wedding also.

"Do you think it was really my mother I saw?" she demanded of her relatives. "Do you think I should heed her advice?"

"By all means!" they insisted. "If you go against her wishes you will only bring disaster down upon yourself. Did she not say she would always return when you were in danger, to guide you?"

"It seems so cruel," Mlle. Dulac sighed. "And I never knew anyone whose hair curled in such a nice way."

Even so, she gave in without much of a struggle—and on each subsequent occasion her resistance was weaker.

Getting in and out of engagements became a habit with her. She felt quite badly about it, but she could not help it. Time was flying—she wanted to get married. She hated to break the hearts of so many charming young men. But how else was she to proceed? The vision would not appear in her dreams when she first began to feel herself drawn toward some suitor, but only after an engagement was announced. So there was nothing for her to do but keep right on getting herself engaged and un-engaged until she hit upon some eligible admirer who met with the approval of her mother's spirit.

When the 13th intrepid suitor popped the question, Mlle. Dulac did not say, "This is so sudden." Instead she said, "I will have you on one condition, and that is, if my mother gives her consent." The suitor blinked and said, "But, darling, I thought that your mother—"

"Yes, she is," Mlle. Dulac replied, and after she had explained the situation, suitor No. 13—who turned out to be the lucky one—accepted conditions.

Each night after the 13th engagement was announced, Mlle. Dulac retired with grave misgivings. She reported that no vision appeared until the night before the banns were to be posted, but she said that on that night her mother appeared in a dream as before, only with a smile. She regarded her daughter and said, "You will be happy, my child. If you are faithful always you will beget faith in your husband."

From all accounts, it seems that none of the rejected dozen attended the wedding of their lost love—or as they probably consider her, unfaithful ex-fiancee.

Hid In Hamper To Loot The Mail Train

A COLLISION between a truck and an automobile near Reading, England, recently disclosed an ingenious train robbery and interrupted the escape of four men now charged with stealing five bags of mail.

Shortly before the time for the Fishguard Express to pull out of Paddington, London, three men arrived in a truck. Assisted by a porter, two of the men unloaded a trunk and a large wicker hamper, of the laundry basket type. The third drove away in the truck.

As the baggage was being carried to the combination mail and baggage car, one of the men cautioned the porter to keep the hamper upright. The trunk was apparently empty, but the hamper was heavy and had been labeled "Fragile." A platform foreman put the trunk on the Fishguard Express, but when he started to lift the hamper one of the men pushed him aside. The two men themselves put the hamper on the train, handling it carefully. They showed their tickets to Reading and had the two pieces of luggage labeled.

The Fishguard Express left Paddington at 7:55 P. M. and arrived at Reading at 8:55 P. M. The train guard said that no one entered the combination mail and baggage car between Paddington and Reading. Several bags of mail were unloaded at Reading. Two men appeared and removed the trunk and the hamper from the train to a truck that was waiting outside of the station.

Half an hour later a truck and an automobile collided a few miles outside of Reading. Three men got out of the truck. One started to run, and another shouted after him that he was "a dirty dog to run away." But soon afterwards the other two ran off also.

In the truck, which was wrecked, were found the trunk and the hamper. The trunk contained five mail bags



In the Truck Which Was Wrecked Were Found the Trunk and the Hamper. The Trunk Contained the Mail. Three Men Had Got Out of the Truck and Took to Their Heels.

which had not yet been missed from the Fishguard Express. Among other things in the bags were various registered packages and 900 postal orders.

But the hamper was of more particular interest to the police, and provided them with an explanation of how the robbery had been accomplished. It had a clasp that could be opened from the inside, and in it were cushions and a rug, as though someone had been making himself comfortable in it until it was time to get out.

Evidently someone had been in the hamper when it was placed on the train with the trunk. While the train was on the way to Reading, he must have opened the hamper with the inside clasp, stepped out, put the five mail bags in the trunk, and hidden himself again in the hamper. It was obvious that the two men who put the hamper on the train at Paddington were the same two who took it off at Reading.

Shortly after the police began their investigation they arrested Edwin John Beaufortе, a commission agent from Marylebone, London, in a public-house near the scene of the automobile accident. He had been injured, and the police found a witness to identify him as one of the men who had been in the truck. A little while later Lew Lewis and Fred Perry, both photographers from Covent Garden, London, were arrested at the Maidenhead railroad station. Both were injured, and when questioned, Lewis replied that they had been hurt in a public-house fight.

The police noticed that Perry was holding his arm with his hand, and when they asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing," and dropped it to his side. Some time later, however, he admitted that he was in great pain, and it was found that his arm was broken.

By tracing the ownership of the truck, the police arrested the man they believe was the fourth member of the gang. He was John William King, of Canning Town, London. The police were convinced that he had driven the truck to Paddington Station to deliver the baggage to the Fishguard Express, and had then outrun the train to Reading, to be ready to receive the hamper and the trunk.

As to which one of the other three played the role of Houdini, riding from Paddington to Reading in the hamper, the police were unable to decide for certain. It was not Lewis, for the Paddington porter identified him as one of the two men who put the hamper and the trunk on the train. He was also identified by a trainguard as one of the men who got out of a compartment as soon as the train reached Reading and came forward to help remove the baggage. Neither the porter nor the guard could be positive about the identity of Lewis's companion.

So the police said that the man who hid himself in the hamper, like the thieves who hid in the oil jars in the tale of Ali Baba, was either Perry or Beaufortе, but they were inclined to believe it was Perry—since Beaufortе's position would seem to indicate that he was the "brains" of the plot.

Beaufortе's attorney, in defending him at the preliminary hearing, said it was absurd to accuse Beaufortе of such a crime, since he did a Turf commission business with a $5,000 weekly turnover and paid $1,200 yearly rental for the house. Nevertheless, the magistrate bound Beaufortе over for trial along with the others.

Ancient Book Calls Mother Eve A Chatterer

AN account of Adam's domestic life, which differs in some respects from the Old Testament version, is to be found in the Midrashim, parts of which have been translated for the first time from the original Hebrew into English by Dr. R. E. Wolfe, who discussed it recently before a meeting of the American Oriental Society in Philadelphia.

The Midrashim, a collection of fanciful tales based upon Bible stories and written in the middle ages, relates that Adam had two wives, and indicates that neither one of his matrimonial ventures was overly successful. Lilith, his first wife, deserted him; and Eve, his second, set a precedent for countless women who have come after her by talking so much that Adam called her "my never-silent bell."

Lilith was created out of dust—a circumstance which seems to have been unfortunate for Adam. As a result of being created out of dust, Lilith considered herself Adam's equal, and that caused a good deal of strife in the first man's household. Finally Lilith got sick and tired of Adam's condescending attitude. When she could not stand his superior manner any longer, she packed her shell beads, or whatever personal effects she had—this was before the fashion in fig leaves, which was introduced by Eve—and ran away.

Having no mother to run to, she took up her residence in the Red Sea. Although she had not proved to be entirely satisfactory as a wife, she happened to be the only woman in the world at that time, so Adam wanted her back. She was a lot of trouble when she was around, but he simply did not see how he could manage to get along without a wife.

But Lilith was evidently enjoying her new found freedom. Three angels who were sent after her on Adam's complaint found her raising a huge brood of demon children. When she refused to heed the entreaty of the angels, she was warned that if she did not quit all this foolishness and return to her husband, 100 of her little demons would be slain daily.

But Lilith had had enough of the first man, and accepted that punishment rather than go back to him. She took her revenge, however, through her power to injure all boy babies during the first week of their life and girls up to the age of twenty. From this legend grew the medieval custom of protecting children with an amulet bearing the figures of three angels.

Living alone, Adam was so disconsolate it became necessary to provide him with another wife. But this time, it was decided that his bride should not be created out of dust —lest she, too, fancy herself to be his equal and stir up more trouble. Just in order that he have no difficulty keeping her in her place, it was decided she must be created out of some part of his body. But the question was—what part?

So Eve was not made from the head of Adam, lest she carry it high, in arrogant pride; nor the eye, lest she be wanton eyed; nor the ear, lest she be an eavesdropper; nor the neck, lest she be insolent; nor the mouth, lest she be a tattler; nor the heart, lest she be given to envy; nor the hand, lest she be a meddler; nor the foot, lest she be a gadabout—but from a "chaste portion," his rib. Thus the Midrashim explains how Eve was made out of Adam's rib.

This ancient exposition of the Old Testament has baffled scholars for a long time, due to the peculiar form of the Hebrew language in which it was written, and it has only been in recent years that translators have found the key for deciphering it.

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A Ridge of Bone Upsets Violet Hilton's Romance

Court Refuses to Let the Pretty "Siamese Twin" Marry the Man She Loves, Asserting It Would Be Immoral and Indecent to Have a Third Person Present During Every Moment of Married Life





This Is Violet Receiving a Loving Kiss From Her Fiance, Maurice L. Lambert, While Sister Daisy Tactfully Turns Her Face Away and Gets No Thrill Out of It at All.

Violet and Daisy in Their Garden Demonstrating How Independent Each Is of the Other, Even Though Neither Can Get Away From One Another.

MISS Violet Hilton, twenty-six years old, is healthy, intelligent, prosperous, a heavy contributor to the government through income and real estate taxes, and has never been in prison nor accepted charity.

She is engaged to Mr. Maurice L. Lambert, successful bandmaster, twenty-nine years old, with an equally good record.

They wish to be respectably married, but twenty-one States, including New York, have refused them a license on the ground that their marriage would be contrary to morals and public policy.

The objection, of course, lies in the fact that Violet is welded tightly forever to her sister Daisy, forming the famous Hilton "Siamese Twins." When the laws of God and man regarding matrimony were written this rare predicament was overlooked.

Undoubtedly the involuntary third member of the triangle has some sort of rights in the selection of her sister's husband which no ordinary member of a family, even an ordinary twin, could justly urge. If Daisy disliked her prospective brother-in-law, the future Mr. and Mrs. Lambert might as well be married in Reno and stop at the offices of a divorce lawyer on the way from the altar.

But Daisy Hilton and the band master are congenial, and though viewing the future with alarm and blushes, she approves her sister's choice heartily and has given her approval and blessing. Therefore that very real possible objection does not apply.

Violet and her sister went with Maurice before Deputy City Clerk Phillip Hines, in New York, and asked for a marriage license. He refused to grant it without the written consent of the Corporation Counsel. The Corporation Counsel, who acts as a court to advise city officials, returned it marked "Application disapproved on grounds that the bride is a Siamese twin." Hines declares that he was advised to refuse the application "as contrary to public policy and also upon the grounds of morality and decency."

Indignant at what she considers a violation of her inalienable rights as a woman, Violet, through her attorney, Irving Levy, of 1482 Broadway, New York City, appealed to the courts to force Hines to issue the desired license. But Supreme Court Justice Kenneth O'Brien denied the petition without making any statement as to why.

An affidavit from Daisy, the other twin, was filed with the petition, and in it she says that she "unequivocally and irrevocably approves of it and consents to the marriage of her sister, and that she gives the consent fully aware of the consequences and relations which may ensue as a matter of normal married life between her sister Violet and Maurice L. Lambert."

And Attorney Levy, in a "memorandum of law" filed by him, says that "because of an accident of birth, because of a twist of fate, that Violet Hilton was born a Siamese twin, this should not preclude her from entering into bonds of holy matrimony, which is the desire of every woman," and adds that "to deny her the rights is imposing an unnatural and immoral burden upon her, and that it will prevent her from leading a full life, from indulging in those normal, intimate acts of married life, and possibly from bearing children."

That the proposed match is against public policy, Attorney Levy says, is absurd. Any pair of male and female half-wits, not actually in an institution, any vicious man and woman, any tramp and disreputable woman, any two moronic and feminine jail-birds are welcome to be wedded so long as they give the license clerk the right answers, though statistics show they are almost certain to inflict on the country a litter of criminals, idiots or other unemployables to be cared for in prisons, asylums or the bottomless pit of public charity.

The children of Mr. Lambert and Miss Hilton should be fit mentally and physically to earn at least an average income, unless they happen to produce "Siamese twins," in which case their fortune is assured. Suppose their mother should die early, which would also drag Daisy to death in a few hours, and the father also happened to be killed by disease or accident, the orphans would inherit a large sum of money preventing any danger of their becoming a public charge. Other "Siamese twins" have married and have had children, all of which have been assets, not liabilities, to their communities.



Daisy and Violet Each Have Their Own Pets. So Why Not Their Own Husbands, They Ask.

Though the authorities have been unusually reticent, they seem to have refused largely "on moral grounds," probably feeling that anything which so shocked their sense of the fitness of things, must be wrong and that some existing law would cover their action.

To have a third person present during the most intimate moments of the honeymoon and after would probably shock the modesty even of a nudist, but it is not clear how this would be immoral. One of the distinguishing features between the civilized man and the naked savage as well as the lower animals, is a sense of decency which decrees that the sexes go at least partially clothed in each other's presence. Nudists by defying this put themselves on all fours with the animals but they may or may not be immoral. Shamelessness is no more immoral than going unbathed.

Violation of marital privacy seems to be in the same plane, except that in the case of the "Siamese twins" it is a necessary evil, which cannot be avoided except for both of them to remain old maids. Is it wise for society to order them to accept such a fate?

The justification of church and state for stamping approval on the marriage of even the most wretched specimens is that if they do not sanction these legal unions, the parties will seize upon the refusal as an excuse for mating illegally. None of the officials declining to issue a certificate to Violet has explained why this theory would not apply to her and Daisy.

There is some evidence to show a tendency for a man married to one of a pair of identical twins to be unfaithful with her sister. This is not hard to understand, since they are as alike as two bottles of champagne of the same brand and vintage. If a man loves one, how can he resist the other who for the same reasons is likely to find him irresistible? Even so, it is unthinkable that any breaches would occur while the wronged wife is present—as she must be in the case of Violet and Daisy.

In "Siamese" cases, the wife cannot fail to be present at all times to protect her rights and even to nip in the bud those first little preliminary flirtations which inevitably precede any serious delinquency. Though Daisy's affection for her brother-in-law should rise to such a height that she would be willing to slip knockout drops in Violet's tea, it would be of no avail. The twins have a common circulation of blood which would cause the doper to pass out soon after the doped.



The Blazek "Siamese" Twins With the Husband of Rosa and Their Baby. These Women Were United in Almost Precisely the Same Fashion as the Hilton Girls.

About the only conceivable way by which the husband of one could make love to the other undisturbed, would be to knock the wife cold by hitting her on the head, a proceeding which could be done successfully only about once.

Since it is not feasible for the husband of a "Siamese" to be unfaithful with her sister, it is hard to see whom the unusual peril of immorality threatens. True, while he is out of town the married "Siamese twin" may become enamoured of a rival but she faces tremendous obstacles. First she must secure her twin's consent and cooperation, including secrecy afterward. What would seem far more unlikely, the lover must resign himself to the sister's presence which would presumably dampen even the most sinful ardor. If Mr. Lambert succeeds in marrying Violet he will have one assurance no other husband enjoys today. He will know that no matter where his wife may be, a chaperone is literally tied to her.

Once matrimony has sanctioned the relations between the married twin and her husband, these cannot possibly be immoral. Therefore it would seem that the objecting officials have feared that the taint of immorality will fall on the unmarried sister Daisy.

Girls who go wrong commonly excuse their slips by pleading that circumstances made it too hard to go right. Since it is a poor rule that does not work both ways, if Violet's inescapable presence makes it abnormally hard for Daisy to go wrong, it should force her to go right, in other words, to take a husband of her own.

But can she find someone whom she loves, who loves her enough to put up with that startling lack of privacy which Mr. Lambert is willing to waive, who likes the sister and is liked by her just enough to be congenial, yet not enough to cause jealousy and gets along nicely with the other husband?



Diagram Showing in White Where the Two Spines of the Hilton Twins Are United by a Ridge of Bone and Flesh.

To fill out all these specifications looks like an almost impossible order, but it happens that this has already been done. The young gentleman who fills the bill is Harry Mason, an English welterweight boxer. Mason is of the modern Gene Tunney—Enzo Fiermonte type who have married into high American society. Mr. Tunney even winning one round with the Social Register.

Daisy admits that she loves Mason and would marry him in a minute—if she were single (in the sense of not being cemented to her sister). But, being the more cautious and conservative of the pair, she stood the fighter off, and it is the less shrinking Violet who is ready to take the chance. Mason, over in London, is the most enthusiastic well-wisher Lambert has, because he likes the bandmaster but still more because he thinks that if Maurice and Violet hit it off happily, it will move Daisy to marry him. Psychologically, the Englishman's reasoning appears to be sound.

But, in spite of protests in a sterner, almost Puritanical age, Chang and Eng, most famous of "Siamese twins," but by no means the first on record, were both married in the United States. They were rescued by a British sea captain, from Siam in 1824, at the age of 13. King Chowpahyi of Siam, a deeply religious monarch, was piously convinced that if he did not put these strange freaks to death, evil fortune would befall the country.

The boys were landed in Boston and though of Chinese extraction adopted America as their home and the name Bunker from Boston's Bunker Hill. The Bunker brothers excited much scientific interest, but were able to make only a bare living exhibiting themselves until, under the management of the great P. T. Barnum, they soon became rich and forever famous. They settled down as slave-owning tobacco farmers in Mount Airy, North Carolina, where, at the age of 44, they married two sisters, daughters of a Virginia clergyman.

Eng's wife, Sally, presented him with twelve children, while Adelaide produced only ten. All were normal and healthy, the two first-born appearing within three days of each other. Most of the children grew up and the survivors, without exception are prosperous, respected citizens.

The Civil War ruined the twins, who stopped raising tobacco and children long enough to go on a two-year-exhibition tour, which replenished their fortunes.

Of all the gloomy prognostications before their marriage, none came true but a trouble arose which nobody foresaw. The wives, though sisters, grew to hate each other so badly that finally the two women refused to live under the same roof. Accordingly their husbands built two separate homes. Every three days, the twins moved from one residence to the other. While Eng was in Chang's home, he had nothing to say, acting as nearly as possible like a nonentity. When Chang visited Eng he played the same zero part.

In this way, all was harmonious until in 1874, Chang, always the weaker of the pair, died of bronchitis during the night while visiting Eng. When Eng woke up and realized that his brother was dead, he said, "Then I am going also." Two hours later he did.

Perhaps because of the excellent record left by Chang and Eng in that State, Violet has received word from North Carolina, that she can be married there any time she likes and also, for some reason, similar assurances from Arkansas. But Violet says she does not want to be married as a special favor and insists on carrying her case to a higher court in hopes that New York will be forced to admit that she is at least as worthy of wedlock as some of the "human seconds" she sees getting by.

Lawyer Levy, in his plea to Judge O'Brien, gives Eng and Chang credit for only the modest output of six and five children respectively. But Dr. Alan Guttmacher, Associate in Obstetrics of Johns Hopkins University in his learned book, "Life In the Making," is authority for the mass-production figure of 22. Both mention the Blazek "Siamese" twins, Josepha and Rosa, who died in Chicago, several years ago. At that time Rosa was married and had a normal son fourteen years old.

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Your Daughter

Dr. Park, President of Wheaton College for Women, Discusses Modern Girls and Their Boy Friends and Advises Their Shocked and Worried Fathers and Mothers What to Do About Things They Don't Approve



Dr. Park Suggests That If We Could Lift the Roofs Off the Family Homes, We Would Be Shocked at the Eternal Quarrels Between Parents and Daughters. The Vienna Artist, Oscar Laske, Pictured This Same Idea, but He Lifted the Roofs From All the Buildings in the Town.

DR. PARK, the distinguished head of Wheaton College for Women, has had an exceptional opportunity to see and study the modern young woman—and to know something about her relations with her boy friends. And he understands the worried parents who are shocked at daughter's stepping out in defiance of preachings and warnings of father and mother. His discussion and advice about how to get on with your daughter is entertaining and instructive.

By Dr. John Edgar Park,
President of Wheaton College, Norton, Mass.

IF all the roofs were removed from the breakfast rooms in a single town and you were able to overhear the interchange of amenities between the members of each family, would it be a terrible or a delightful experience? I imagine it would be rather shocking except perhaps in those homes where guests were present and it was not possible to look under the table. One would undoubtedly listen in upon some homes where the breath of the honeymoon still lingered, where peace and mutual respect reigned and the meal proceeded to the hidden melodies of love and humor.

In other homes you would see father, mother, and children sitting around the table while the children receive as nourishment not so much the mere material predigested cereal and hot biscuit, as full details of father's headache and mother's gastric disturbance and baby's cold which is now "sure to go all 'round the house."

But you would find the tensest atmosphere in the breakfast rooms of those homes where there are daughters of high-school age and where father and mother are trying to bring them up aright. What daughter is wearing to school, what time she came in last night, what she has on her lips, what in the world she has done with her hair (just look at it!), and such questions are apt to be discussed. There are two inevitable phrases which will certainly appear in the conversation before breakfast is over. One will be used by mother and the other by daughter. Mother will say, "When I was your age——," and daughter will bitterly remark, "I am the only one at school who isn't allowed to——!"



"From behind the newspaper father remarks: 'I have said that she ought to be in by ten o'clock.' Mother Responds That a Party of Boys and Girls Are in an Auto at the Door."

Such scenes concluding with a certain amount of heat would be witnessed in a large proportion of the homes where there are growing daughters. Father with lofty omniscience professes to be acquainted with the general principles, but usually prefers that mother should carry out these principles into their particular application. We have spoken of the morning. It is now evening in the home. The sun has set. The street lamps and movie signs are alight outside. From behind the newspaper father remarks: "I have said that she ought to be in by ten o'clock." Mother responds with the information that a party of boys and girls in an automobile is at the door; will father not go out and explain to them that daughter must be back by eleven? But no, father having issued this statement from behind the newspaper recognizes that this is as far as he goes. He refuses to be drawn into any entanglement with the young men in the automobile. So daughter departs and at breakfast next morning asserts with considerable heat that she never heard anyone say anything about her being in at ten o'clock.

The greatest difficulty which faces the home in bringing up daughters correctly today is undoubtedly the neighbors. To conscientious parents the neighbors are always the nightmare of their educational dreams. The neighbor's Mary or Lucy is allowed to do all the things which your girl is not permitted to enjoy. You hear about this from your girl very early in the educational process. Mary Nextdoor goes to the movies every day and "her parents want her to have a good time." Lucy Crosslots stays out as late as she wants at night and "her mother never sits up until she gets in." Martha Downstreet wears a different dress every day to school and "her people give her money for a banana royal every day."

Normal parents do not want their children to be different from the other children with whom they associate. Yet normal parents have some standards which they wish their children to observe in morals and in manners. If none of the other parents are observing these standards in bringing up their children, what are conscientious parents to do?

It is well to remember that the information you receive from your daughter about the policy of other parents is not completely sterilized objective truth. It is propaganda. The facts are more or less colored by the wishes of the daughter herself. The parent in reacting to such facts must be as shrewd in this matter as the daughter. Do not be bowled over at breakfast tomorrow morning when you are informed that your daughter is the only one in the class who does not have a "permanent." But be able to exhaust your daughter's patience by the citation of exceptional exceptions.

You will then discover that by "all the girls" your daughter meant "all the girls who matter," excluding, of course, such as are courteously designated as "plumbers" or "farmers." This is a step in advance and has raised the argument to a higher plane. In such a kindly battle of wits some progress is made provided that heat is not engendered and the daughter comes to have a higher opinion of the intellectual powers of her parents.

The information about other young people and other parents which is brought to your breakfast table is propaganda—this is one of the most heartening facts in the whole situation because something can be done by a parents' union for propaganda purposes. The young folk meet daily and discuss their side of the question and outline their line of action. But there are rights of lawful assembly for parents too. Why should they not meet occasionally and decide on matters of hours and dress and manners? If they are wise they will, however, exclude the easy methods of vicious propaganda and take the young people into their councils. The children should be present at such a meeting and their side of the case should be heard. The result of placing such responsibility upon them will be to gain their cooperation in carrying out any principles or rules which are laid down.

As long as parents consider themselves owners of the home in which the children are tolerated and petted and patronized and ordered around in return for their keep, there will be trouble. As soon as parents and children are recognized as shareholders in a common enterprise there is basis for understanding. Father is the President who thinks he has the power, Mother is the Senate who controls the President without his full knowledge, the children are the House of Representatives whose irritatingly irresponsible vote and approval it is necessary to wait for, before the very wise President and Senate can go ahead.

Responsibility is the inner view of a problem. That is why we all prefer to "air our opinions" outside. Once you are in, you cannot be either so sure or so clever and you may have to do something about it.

It is an open secret in any community; every other home is at present receiving at its breakfast table the same propaganda as yours. The same conversations between young and old occur at them all, and the laxity of your parental discipline is cited with more or less accuracy as a reason for doubtful courses of action in other homes. Any concerted action of parents must be carried on in cooperation with the young people themselves. It is literally true: You cannot do anything with young people today, unless you do it with them. It is only by such an agreement between the two generations that the external, unconsciously unfriendly influence of neighbors can be neutralized in the upbringing of your daughters.

The second great difficulty in getting on with your daughter lies in the fact that daughter is a different person from the person her mother was at her age. She lives in a different world. It has been noted in comparing the manners of Jane Austen's day with our own that you can find in a single volume of Jane Austen's scores of references to the alluring shrubberies that were planted around the country homes of the day, but that you will not find a single kiss. Nothing could better illustrate the difference between daughters of today and daughters of the past. Today they are franker, sincerer, more straightforward, less subject to self-deception and devious ways of deceit. They talk about kisses rather than giggle about shrubberies.

A girl today deliberately desires to enjoy her youth. She does not look upon it merely as a waiting preparation for serious duties that lie beyond. She is not simply waiting to be asked. She is glad that she is interested in young men, and that they are interested in her. She sees no reason for concealing her interest in them. She believes that she is informed enough to take care of herself and is only afraid that some real source of enjoyment will escape her. She takes risks which shock her mother, but she generally does so with her eyes open. If mother had done in her day what she does today it would have meant something altogether different. She resents the fact that her mother is apt to interpret her actions in the language of the day that is gone.

The abandonment of crinoline was probably the greatest blow that prudery ever received. One can imagine how immodest and immoral the close skirt must have seemed in the good old days, but morals have survived crinoline. I remember the call a deacon in my father's church made upon my father to protest against my sister being allowed to ride a bicycle. I remember his last angry protest as he left the house: "The bicycle is the end of female morality." So it seemed to him. The bicycle permitted the girl to ride off down the road by herself. How could her parents know where she had gone? And yet women were allowed, in spite of the deacon's protest, to ride bicycles, and female morality has survived the bicycle. In fact, female morality has laid flowers on the female bicycle's grave.



"Eve got into trouble without the aid of either a buggy or an automobile."

The girl today believes that youth is a part of life to be enjoyed in and for itself. She looks at us older people and she wonders if really it is worth giving up everything in youth in order to become in later days like us. Her skepticism is well founded. The best way to prepare yourself for the next stage in life is to enter fully into this stage. The old invalid, fainting, feigning, negative romance is being replaced by a frank and equal robust companionship, and of course we sometimes long for the fixed standards of the past when a debutante differed in appearance from a grandmother, when the mud of the streets was brushed off a virtuous woman's skirts every morning, when soap was the only cosmetic, when every good woman wore a complete moral armor of whalebone, when you could tell whether it was a boy or a girl sitting in front of you, when woman's place was the home, and the chief desire of children was to please their parents, and wives their husbands.

A mother has to face the fact that her daughter is a different person from the maiden she was at her daughter's age. This may be due to the war which had all kinds of effects upon the world except those which were intended; or it may be due to the invention of the automobile which is even worse than the deacon's horror, the bicycle, for it can absent itself more speedily from the well-known neighborhood, hold two more cosily, and remain hospitably stationary in remote places longer; or it may be due to the invention of the telephone by which the voice of the most unapproved young man can reach the most protected maiden; or it may be due to the invention of the movies which have made love-making no longer a kind of furtive scandal but a kind of public art.

Two men were discussing whether the invention of alcohol or of gunpowder had done the most harm to the human race. The third man approached and said, "You are both wrong. It is the invention of gasoline." But there was a time when the blame was laid upon the buggy; and Eve got into trouble without the aid of either a buggy or an automobile. The fact is that virtue which cannot withstand the invention of the buggy or the bicycle or gasoline is really not worth very much. It is not so much these new things which have made daughter so different. She has used them to escape out of a prison of ignorance, of fear, of meaningless convention, of unfounded prohibition, of submission to arbitrary authority. Some mothers try to force their daughters back into the days of girlhood that is past and so fall back upon scolding, peevish complaints, and the minor key ("I do try so hard!"), which makes their daughters not only differ from them but actually dislike them.

These are the difficulties. What can be done about them?

It is of the first importance that a mother should have a career of some kind outside of her own home. I do not think that mere passive listening-to-lectures-in-women's-clubs is enough. She should be interested in doing something outside of her domestic duties, whether it be painting miniatures or playing the piano or civic and political service or religious activity or selling real estate or making jewelry. I admit this is very hard to arrange during the baby stage of the family. But it is going to become easier with the growth of nursery schools which relieve mothers of the strain of home life for a few hours every day. The hours of such relief may not be many. They should be enough to allow her to enjoy every moment she spends in her home.

Home should be for mother as romantic a place as it often is for father. Children should not be there all the time to get on her nerves. She should be a continual treat for them. Half the trouble with mothers is that they are too preoccupied with the problems of their children. Children do not thrive under too close attention. Like animals they are least themselves when they know they are being meticulously and affectionately observed. "I can't work," said one boy, "because I know she is always sitting out there beyond my door thinking about me." So a mother loses perspective. Every event in the child's existence becomes the nucleus for long coils of worry. The household tasks loom too large. Children are like wild animals. You have to pretend not to be looking at them if they are to be really comfortable and free.

If mother can only bring it about that during the baby period she does not lose all touch with her early activities, then as the children begin to grow up and go from home she is able to resume again the interests of her youth. The mother who has sunk herself completely in her home finds, when the nest is left empty, that there is nothing left for her but an old age of fussing and cards.

If you would get on with your daughters you must not become a prey of vague, uncritical rumors of scandal about young people. You must know other young people besides your own that you may have a background against which to judge their actions.

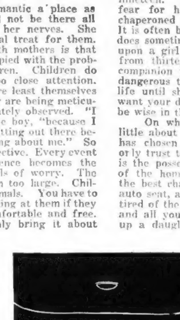
If you would get on with your daughters it is necessary that you allow them to cultivate loyalties to friends outside of the family group. It is when daughter suddenly begins to show that she considers herself bound in loyalty and friendship to others who are not within the home that father generally becomes most infuriated, gets up and pounds his side of the breakfast table, and asserts, "Young woman, as long as you are in my house you will do what I say!" Behind the glass in the railway carriage in which you travel you will see a saw and a hammer. You do not immediately go up to them and say with frightened voice, "So, we are going to have an accident!" The art of being a wise parent largely consists in observing the line which separates precaution from scare. It is of the essence of a guardian angel, that he be unseen. To guard against evil without subtly suggesting it, do not dream that you can altogether escape the pangs of being impaled on the horns of that dilemma!

All growing life has an aura of insignificant tendrils and tiny shoots. These cannot be understood by the mind. They must be intelligently felt. The growing boys and girls try to get acquainted with one another in fumbling, awkward ways, parents are apt to regard the whole matter with suspicion or with levity. An understanding heart is requisite in order to see the real significance and beauty of the dawn of romantic interest in young life. When life's sands are running golden, and they have been having a glorious time, they are too often met at the door of the home with feelingless ridicule or with irritated scolding. Girls ought to be acquainted with numbers of boys. Such acquaintance is the only valid preparation for rational choice of a life partner hereafter. Parents are so anxious to protect their daughters from the dangerous sea of life that they will not let them learn to swim. To be continually suspected suggests a person into evil.

To know so much more about the jeopardy than she does, and yet to forewarn without morbid exaggeration, and guard without suggesting evil, to sit still and believe the best, to surround the girl with intelligent knowledge and confident faith, that is indeed an art that can only be mastered by fasting and prayer, by personality. These words of Montaigne are wise: "They must have the reynes given them a little. They allay the desire of company by giving it some liberty. The most austere rules have not had the best success. There is required more than ordinary moderation; a great part of their government must be left to the conduct of their discretion. For when all comes to all no discipline can bridle them in each point."

To keep the younger generation in hail one must wear bifocals. One must look at life not merely through the lenses of forty, but through those of sixteen and nineteen. Then mother will not become obsessed with fear for her daughter. Some of the most carefully chaperoned girls have not made a success of married life. It is often because they were too negatively guarded. One does sometimes see an absorbing interest in boys close in upon a girl too early in life. She has no other interest from thirteen on, and so grows up an unsatisfactory companion for any man's lifetime. But it is even more dangerous to try to close out that interest from a girl's life until she is married to an approved husband. You want your daughter to be a good judge of men if she is to be wise in the selection of the partner of her life.

On what can you place your trust? You know so little about the young men and girls whom your daughter has chosen as her companions on that ride. You can only trust to the good-sense and cleanness of spirit which is the possession your daughter has caught from the life of the home in which she spent her youth. Ideals are the best chaperons. You cannot sit in the center of that auto seat, a sleepy safety cushion whose elderly spirits are tired of the fun. You can only trust that all your example and all your prayers and all your faith in her have built up a daughter whom men love to be near and who inspires not only comradeship and gayety and desire, but mysterious respect and honor.



"Ideals are the best chaperons. You cannot sit in the center of that auto seat, a sleepy safety cushion whose elderly spirits are tired of the fun."

We have too little faith in the inherent purity of the youthful heart. We have read too many stories of passion and degeneracy. We are afraid of the power of evil to betray the unwary. But the attraction which man and woman experience for each other has more ideal strands woven into its texture than ever before. Romance still reigns.

The modern girl is apt to take herself and her affairs very seriously. The superior pose is perhaps a necessary accessory of youth. After all, while I have emphasized the differences, there was much in the past which is very like that which exists today. To assume that as far as youth is concerned mother is just a high-grade feeble-minded person is verging on the inherently absurd. Daughter ought to reflect on the fact that the "old folks" have existed in the world in every generation except the first, that young people have always found it hard to understand their point of view, that human nature has not changed very much in all the years. This looks as if the youth of each generation revises some of its judgments in later life.

The girl who is always an ugly discord in her childhood home is generally unhappy also in her married home. After her first dream of bliss she will find that her husband and children are nearly as hard to get on with as mothers and brothers and sisters. A personality rich in humor and intelligence, in tenderness, forbearance and ability lasts longer and brings more joy than any other human possession. If a daughter can remain friendly and courteous and generous with her mother today, she has every chance of being an extraordinary success as a wife and neighbor and social leader in the future.

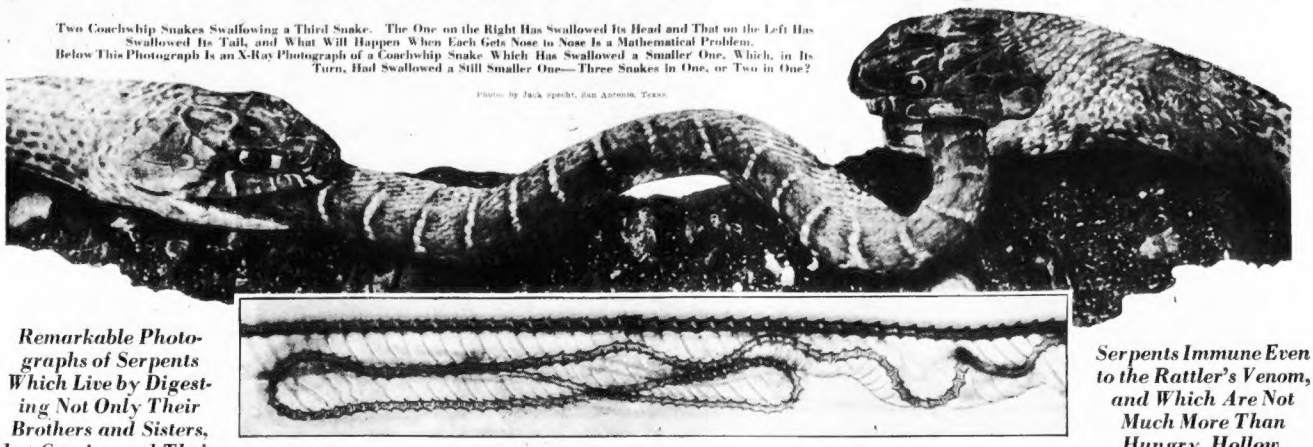
Mere driving of fast cars from place to place, staring at movies, eating sundaes, dancing interminably, "slinging your line" over and over again in the most up-to-date slang, knowing lots of boys, writing and receiving letters with all the sweetest innuendoes, all this "having a good time" turns to dust and ashes too soon unless she is making herself somebody at the same time, somebody different from anyone else, who will be a good pal through hard days and bright days alike, who will be more charming at forty than at eighteen, and who will most of all be young enough in middle life to be the confidential companion of her own daughter.

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The Coachwhip Snake, Earth's Greatest Cannibal

Two Coachwhip Snakes Swallowing a Third Snake. The One on the Right Has Swallowed Its Head and That on the Left Has Swallowed Its Tail, and What Will Happen When Each Gets Nose to Nose Is a Mathematical Problem. Below This Photograph Is an X-Ray Photograph of a Coachwhip Snake Which Has Swallowed a Smaller One, Which, in Its Turn, Had Swallowed a Still Smaller One—Three Snakes in One, or Two in One?

Photos by Jack Specht, San Antonio, Texas.



Remarkable Photographs of Serpents Which Live by Digesting Not Only Their Brothers and Sisters, but Cousins and Their Remotest Kin

Serpents Immune Even to the Rattler's Venom, and Which Are Not Much More Than Hungry, Hollow, Flexible Stomachs Which Can Swallow Two or Three Times Their Own Weight

AMATEUR naturalists long have battled over the question of which snake is the greatest fighter in the United States. Some have claimed that the bull snake should be awarded the palm. Others hold that the king snake is the greatest battler. Both factions base their claims on the asserted superiority of their respective champions to the rattlesnake, who always has been a sort of reptile trial horse for championship contenders.

If the pictures on this page can be taken as any indication, the two factions, the bull snakers and the king snakers will both have to back down from their perches and accept the common coachwhip snake of the Texas plains as the all-time catchweight champion reptile fighter. The coachwhip snake not only thinks nothing of matching grips with a rattlesnake or a copperhead, but invariably wins, and after winning eats his still alive victim.

Not only is the coachwhip snake a fighter, but he is the greatest of the reptile cannibals.

Cannibalism in man has almost disappeared. Once many of the uncivilized tribes of the world ate the flesh of their enemies. Other tribes ate the flesh of human sacrifices during religious ceremonies. There are still a few cannibal tribes scattered in the little-known sections of the world today, but even these are being broken of the revolting practice by the advance of civilization.

Two Coachwhip Snakes Fighting. This Hold Is Usually a Test of Endurance. Each Will Move Its Jaws as Close as Possible to the Other's Head, and the First to Become Weary and Let Go Will Be Swallowed by the Other.

But cannibalism still exists in nature. The young of the scorpion, soon after their birth, turn upon their own mothers, and the luckless matrons vanish into the voracious maws of their own progeny. Among the fishes, many species are cannibals, notably the bass. Certain of the large animals have been known to turn to cannibalism.

But few of these cannibalistic animals, fishes, insects or reptiles, can compare to the coachwhip snake. In a large reptile garden in Texas, where the pictures on this page were taken, many species of snakes native to that region were placed in an enclosure and allowed to run wild, as they would in nature, save that a fence, proof against their escape, surrounded the place. Among the inhabitants of this unusual "garden" were a number of coachwhip snakes. There were also rattlesnakes, copperheads, blue racers, common garden snakes, water moccasins and other reptiles.

Within a few days the snake population was decimated, and coachwhip snakes were to blame.

Observers discovered that the coachwhips, though apparently existing on friendly terms with their scaly neighbors at all other times, went into paroxysms of excitement whenever live rats and mice were released in the enclosure to provide food for the inhabitants. As soon as the frightened rodents ran among the snakes, seeking some place of concealment, the coachwhips coiled and uncoiled rapidly, streaked through the grass of the enclosure, and struck at anything that came within their range, regardless of whether it was a copperhead, rattlesnake, another coachwhip, or a rat or a mouse.

Almost invariably they would follow the same procedure—a quick snap that enabled them to grasp some portion of the opposing snake's body in their powerful jaws, and then they would work themselves slowly along the body until they had a grip on the other snake's head, and could start to swallow their prey.

If two coachwhip snakes happened to pick on each other as a prospective meal, each would follow his usual tactics, disregarding the other's hold on his own body, until both had a firm grip on the other's neck, as close to the head as possible. They would stay in this position for hours, until one or the other became tired and lost his grip. The victor in this odd endurance contest then ate the loser, swallowing him head first.

The hasit these voracious cannibals have of snapping at another snake, and hanging on in an effort to eat it regardless of what hold some other snake may have on the first one, prompted the problem illustrated by the sketches at the bottom of the page in which three coachwhip snakes of equal length are assumed to grab hold of each other by the tails at exactly the same moment, and commence to swallow each other at the same rate of speed. What would happen?

The American Weekly scientific advisor, after delving into Euclidian geometry, vector mathematics and a few other forms of higher science, has decided that sketch number three would be the eventual result—little more left than three heads.

Against rattlesnakes the coachwhips seek the neck hold and then hang on, waiting until their victim is so worn out that he can no longer battle against becoming a meal. Repeated bites from the poison fangs of the rattlers failed to bother the coachwhips. One of the pictures on this page shows a coachwhip which has swallowed all but the tail of a large rattler. Two dark patches of blood just behind the coachwhip's head mark one spot where the sharp fangs of the rattler sank into the flesh of its enemy—without result. Copperheads, whose bite is poisonous, suffer the same fate.

The End of the Rattlesnake. The Dark Patches on the Coachwhip's Neck Are Where the Rattler Bit.

This Coachwhip Snake Has Caught the Water Snake by the Middle, and Head and Tail of the Still-Living Meal Are Disappearing Together.

No snake seems too large for the coachwhip to attempt to eat. Often they have been seen to tackle a snake much larger than themselves, trounce it soundly, and then attempt to eat it. Usually they manage to swallow at least part of their huge opponents, only to discover that they have tackled a job too great for them. Then they disgorge their victim who, often as not, glides away, little worse for wear after the uncomfortable situation in which they found themselves. One large blue racer placed in this Texas snake garden was captured five times by coachwhips, partially swallowed and then disgorged because he was too large. Each time he slipped away. Unfortunately for him, his sixth captor was either hungrier or more stubborn than the rest, for he persisted in his efforts until he had finally swallowed his victim.

The unusual X-ray photo on this page shows the vertebrae of three coachwhips. It was taken a short time after one of them had swallowed another, who, in turn, had swallowed the third himself just a few hours before.

Even such apparently undigestible victims as turtles have been swallowed alive, shell and all, by these battling snakes.

Often in their excitement two coachwhips will seize upon the same victim, as in the picture at the top of the page. The coachwhip on the right had subdued the garter snake he is shown swallowing, and was in the midst of his meal when another coachwhip, attracted by the garter snake's thrashing tail, seized onto it, and started to make a meal from that end. Actually, this hi-jacker managed to drag the garter snake from the first-comer's mouth, and the double victim, still very much alive, wriggled free, at the same time, from the second coachwhip. His freedom was short lived, however, as the hi-jacker lashed out, caught his escaping victim by the middle and, apparently determined to bring an end to the affair, doubled up the garter snake and swallowed him that way, the head and tail of the meal disappearing inside the coachwhip's jaws at the same time.

Observers who watched the coachwhips during their attacks and meals in the reptile garden declared that their cannibalism seemed based on indifference. They would attack and eat any sort of snake, whether it was another coachwhip snake or not.

Unfortunately there were no king snakes nor bull snakes in the garden with the coachwhips, or the question of the snake-fighting supremacy of the United States could have been settled beyond doubt. Observers, however, displayed no hesitancy in declaring that the bull snakes and king snakes, had there been any, would have gone the way of the rattlers and others.

A fight between a rattlesnake and a bull snake is a fairly evenly matched bout, with either likely to be the winner, although it is true that the bull snake wins a greater proportion of these battles than does the rattler.

When the rattlesnakes tied up with the coachwhips, however, the whole thing was so onesided that it was apparent from the first that the buzzing diamond-backs had no chance.

Oddly enough, these fighting snakes are almost blind. A rat, mouse or another snake might be within a few inches of their bright, beady eyes, and not attract their attention unless the near-by snake or rodent made some movement. A still object apparently is invisible to them.

It is because of this, observers believe, that the coachwhip snakes in the Texas reptile garden only displayed their fighting abilities when the daily rodent dinners-to-be were released in the enclosure. Their frightened squeals and frantic scamperings about in search of a place of safety apparently aroused the hungry snakes to a pitch of frenzy that exhausted itself only after they had grasped a victim between their jaws and made a meal of him.

There are other snakes that display cannibalistic tendencies. The great hooded cobra of India, one of the most feared of all the poisonous reptiles, exists almost entirely on a diet of other snakes. King snakes, particularly when confined, have been known to turn cannibal. Indigo snakes will eat their own kind, at times. The poisonous water moccasin is sometimes a cannibal.

In connection with the water snakes it was noticed by watchers at the reptile garden that the coachwhip snakes seemed to have some aversion to eating them. If any other snake was handy, the coachwhip would tackle it rather than the moccasin, but if a moccasin was the best that was available, the coachwhip would make a meal of it rather than go supperless.

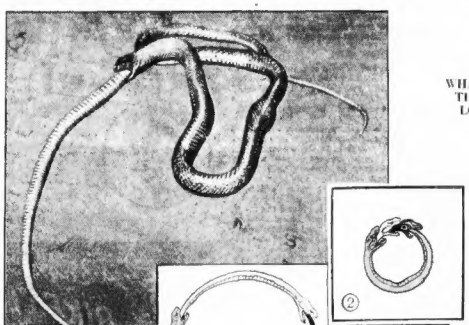
Cannibalism, however, is not limited to the reptile world. Lions and tigers have been known to eat their own cubs in captivity. It is possible that they may sometimes, in answer to some unknown urge, display these same cannibalistic tendencies in the wild state, although there is no definite evidence of this. Many fish, notably the carp, are cannibalistic. The so-called "Tasmanian Devil," a marsupial that inhabits the wilds of Australia, is a cannibal.

Some of the domestic animals, including dogs and pigs, have been known to eat their young.

Undoubtedly the greatest cannibal of all, however, is the ameba, which feeds voraciously on its own kind, eating either the living or the dead of its own species.

The ameba is so small, however, that his cannibalism goes unseen except through a microscope, and few, save scientists, have ever watched these minute single-celled bits of life commit what has been called by man "the worst of all crimes."

The coachwhip, however, with a digestive ability that would put any goat to shame, is earth's greatest cannibal, and to date holds the undisputed catchweight fighting title among snakes on the North American Continent.



An Extraordinary Photograph of One Coachwhip Snake Swallowing Another.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THREE SNAKES SWALLOWED EACH OTHER?

Here Is a Problem for Naturalists—or Mathematicians. Suppose That Three Snakes Start to Swallow Each Other at the Same Instant, With Each Snake's Tail in Another Snake's Mouth, as Shown in Sketch No. 1. Then Suppose That Each Snake Gradually Swallows Each Other One. All at Precisely the Same Rate—So Just So Many Inches of Snake Are Swallowed Each Minute. What Will Happen? Will the Three Snakes Finish in the Condition Shown in Sketch No. 2, With the Three Inside Each Other Like Three Gloves Drawn One Over the Other on the Same Hand? Or Will the Finish Be Like Sketch No. 3, Only the Three Snake Heads Being Left? If This Is What Happens, What Has Become of the Rest of the Snakes' Bodies? Or Will the Final Condition Be Something Else?

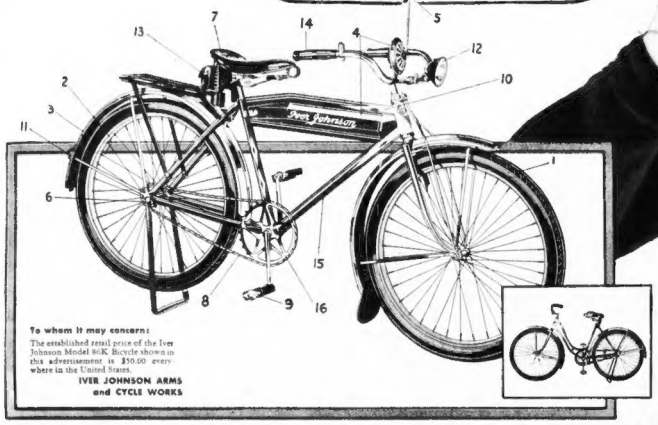
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FREE $50,000 WORTH OF BICYCLES

1,000 BEAUTIFUL *IVER JOHNSONS* WORTH $50.00 EACH

WoooW! I WANT YOU IN MY NEW BIKE CLUB, KIDS! 1,000 FREE IVER JOHNSONS JUST LIKE THE ONE I'M RIDING. $50 AT THE STORES EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG! SO SEND ME THAT COUPON NOW! EVERYONE GETS MY CLUB BUTTON AND FUNNY BIKE BOOK FREE, TOO.

Joe E. Brown



To whom it may concern:
The established retail price of the Iver Johnson Model 80K Bicycle shown in this advertisement is $50.00 everywhere in the United States.
IVER JOHNSON ARMS and CYCLE WORKS

MOTHERS! DADS! NOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAN OWN A BEAUTIFUL $50.00 BIKE FREE!



See Joe E. Brown in his big Warner Bros. feature picture, "6-Day Bike Rider." At your favorite movie theatre early in October.

Easy! MAIL COUPON AND YOU'RE IN! EVERYBODY GETS FREE Joe E. Brown MEMBERSHIP BUTTON AND FUNNY BIKE BOOK! and ANYONE MAY OWN ONE OF THE 1,000 $50.00 BIKES FREE

NOTE TO GROCERS: Here's how you share. Note in coupon that we ask boys and girls to send us your name. *When a customer of yours is awarded a free bike you get one free for yourself.* Use the special Quaker Bicycle Display during this sensational campaign. It will bring new customers in by the dozens! Send us a postcard for it today!

1,000 OF THESE $50.00 BEAUTIES FREE!

Look 'em over, boys and girls. Aren't they swell? Think of it! You can have one absolutely free as a gift from Joe E. Brown and The Quaker Oats Company. Send coupon and you're in! And here's what they have:

1. Balloon or Speed Tires (choice)
2. Chromium Plated or Natural Finish Rims (choice)
3. Chrome or enamel underguards (choice)
4. Electric Horn and Battery Tank
5. Rear-view Mirror
6. "New Departure" or Morrow Coaster Brake
7. Deep Spring Cushion Seat
8. Diamond Roller-bearing Chain
9. Ball-bearing, Rubber-cleated Pedals **(man-size)**
10. Double-bar Reinforced Frame
11. Rear Tail-light ruby Reflector
12. 50-ft. Beam Electric Light
13. Tool Bag and Tools
14. Long, Rubber Handle-bar Grips
15. Choice of Blue, Red, or Black Enamel Job
16. Geared for hilly or flat country (your choice)

MAIL COUPON NOW AND YOU'RE IN!



Often known as yeast vitamin. Yet nature stores more of it in 1c worth of oatmeal than in 3 cakes of fresh yeast!

Loss of weight, under-nourishment, malnutrition, result when a child's diet is short of this element. Kids aren't as bright, *don't getalong at well at school*, when they suffer lowered vitality in this way. But, warns one scientist, this element *can't be stored up in the body.* So play safe. Serve Quaker (or Mother's) Oats regularly.

How it affects poor appetite—constipation

Now youngsters poorly nourished for Vitamin B, can develop wholesome, normal appetites without being coaxed to eat. Poor appetites disappear, records show, after regular feeding of this precious food element, so richly supplied in Quaker (or Mother's) Oats. Stubborn cases of constipation also yield to this same magical food element, according to medical records. Now in Quaker (or Mother's) Oats, the economical breakfast food, every child, rich and poor, may have this splendid nourishment.

Start at once to give your child, your family, the amazing benefits of a Quaker Oats breakfast. Quick Quaker (or Mother's) cooks done in 2½ minutes. Eat it — serve it for abundant energy!

MOTHER *and* DAD! *win a bike for yourselves*

You, too, can share in this great offer of free bicycles. Have one of your own. Keep slim and healthy. Ride with the youngsters, make them your pals. Just send 25 word answer to "What I think of Quaker (or Mother's) Oats" and 2 Quaker or Mother's trademarks. See rules.

NOW boys and girls, here's your chance! Never has The Quaker Oats Company in its long history, made such a spectacular offer! And Mother and Dad can help you in this offer.

Think of it! A genuine 1935 model Iver Johnson bike, worth $50.00 all your very own Free!

Everyone has the same chance! The word of The Quaker Oats Company stands back of that. Any boy or girl—living on a farm, in a small town, or big city—may own one of these gorgeous bikes. Just mail the coupon properly filled out and you're in. That's all. So do it now.

Here's how easy!

Here's an offer so easy it's like rolling off a log. Just follow instructions on the coupon. Write no more than 25 words in answer to this question: "WHAT MY MOTHER SAYS ABOUT QUAKER (OR MOTHER'S) OATS."

The best answers in the opinion of the judges, get the FREE $50 bikes! Now isn't that easy?

Don't be afraid to try. Here's one offer where fancy writing and big words don't count. Even if you mis-spell some words, it won't count against you. Just be brief and clear. In the column at the left, in this advertisement, is a special message to your mother, telling great good news about Quaker (or Mother's) Oats. Maybe that will help her tell you what to write. Show this page to her.

Here, for instance, is a statement that might win a FREE bike. "Mother says Quaker Oats makes me strong and full of pep, because it contains the things that make good red blood and tough muscles." You can do even better than that! Note: mention Mother's instead of Quaker if Mother's is your favorite brand.

Sit down now and do it all in a minute or two! Put the coupon in the mail. And then you're in! Eligible to own one of these swell 1935 bikes priced at $50 at all Iver Johnson dealers. You'll be the envy of every kid in the neighborhood when you sail down the street on this Iver Johnson beauty! And it's so easy. Try at least once. Remember you may enter as many times as you wish. If you send ten different answers, your chances are just ten times as good of getting FREE one of these gorgeous bikes.

Everyone gets this FREE!

You're not only in on this FREE bike offer, but everyone sending the coupon gets a Joe E. Brown Bike Club Membership Button *AND* a FREE copy of Joe's Funny Bike Book. And what a wow that book is. Funny pictures of Joe riding his bike. Imagine Joe E. Brown with that big mouth, in a 6-Day Bike Race. There's pictures of it right in the book. And more pictures and charts showing how you and your friends can ride in formations, squadron-fashion like the army and navy fliers do. Also how to take club-bike-trips, do trick riding, and lots of other ways to enjoy biking!

Mail that coupon now!

Remember there's nothing more to this offer than following instructions in the coupon and mailing it now. That puts you in the running right away. Eligible for a FREE $50 bike. And we send FREE to everyone who mails a coupon a Joe E. Brown Bike Club membership button, and that screamingly funny new Bike Book of Joe's.

SO DON'T WAIT! BE AN EARLY BIRD! MAIL THAT COUPON NOW!





24-PAGE FUNNY BIKE BOOK FREE!

Comic pictures of Joe E. Brown riding a bike. How to form a local Joe E. Brown Bike Club. How to ride in formations, etc.

FREE! *membership button*

Be the first in your gang to wear the new Joe E. Brown Membership Button.



Joe E. Brown's BIKE CLUB 1,000 FREE!

RULES OF FREE BIKE OFFER

1. Anyone in the United States may mail coupon properly filled out and be in on this offer, except employees of Quaker Oats Co. or their families.
2. Each coupon must be accompanied with two trade-marks cut from Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats cartons, or reasonably well drawn facsimiles – and a statement of not more than 25 words on "What Mother Says About Quaker (or Mother's) Oats" on a plain piece of paper.
3. Each person may enter as many times as he or she wishes to. But only one statement may be sent with 2 trademarks.
4. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, October 31, 1934.
5. The opinion of the judges is final.
6. Awards of the 1935 Model Iver Johnson Bikes are as follows: 500 bikes for the best 500 statements of 25 words or less. 500 additional bikes are to be awarded to the grocers mentioned by the 500 contest winners. Be sure to give name and age. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made.
7. **The name of your grocer must be given in the reply.**
8. All entries must be addressed to The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Box 1083.

The Quaker Oats Company.
Box 1083, Chicago, Illinois.

I want to be in on the big offer of 1,000 FREE $50 BIKES! In accordance with the rules of this offer I am enclosing my statement of not more than 25 words explaining "What Mother Says About Quaker (or Mother's) Oats."

Also send me, FREE, a Joe E. Brown Bike Club MEMBERSHIP BUTTON and the funny Joe E. Brown Bike Book, showing comic photos of Joe riding a bike, also how to form a local Joe E. Brown Bike Club, and how my friends and I can ride on bikes in formations, etc.

I am enclosing two trade-marks, cut from cartons of Quaker (or Mother's) Oats (or reasonably well drawn facsimiles).

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

101-9-23

The name and address of my grocer is:

.....

.....

Superstitions Which Grew from the Noises of Nature



"Singing Sands," Rumblings of Mountains, Thunder Crashes, "Guns of the Lake," Mysterious Echoes and Other Strange Sounds Which Inspired Primitive Beliefs and Legends

THE mysterious "music in the sky" over Yellowstone Lake, the "Moodus" noises in Connecticut, the "guns" of Seneca Lake, N. Y., the Aurora Borealis sounds, the "singing sands" in many places and various other startling and awe-inspiring "voices of nature" may have caused primitive man's belief in "great spirits" which later developed into the pagan gods.

Such is the opinion recently advanced by Dr. G. R. Wieland, of Yale University's Department of Paleobotany, and he points out that modern science is almost as puzzled at most of these weird sounds as is the ignorant savage.

The most inevitable, and probably the first of these deities to be created, was the original Zeus, Jupiter or Jove who must have been invented in the minds of the cavemen, thousands, perhaps a million years before the Greeks and Romans carved him in stone. Only a deaf and blind man could fail to note and start theorizing about the lightning.

It looked like the path of some glittering object, hurled from the heavens with superhuman might. Somebody, terribly powerful, must be up there behind those clouds. He was angry, too, which was reasonable enough, because on sultry, sticky days before thundershowers, the head of the family in the cave, was likely to become peevish and throw things. The trembling stone-age man heard the angry thundering voice and the thunderbolt was deadly, blasting anything it hit, whether tree, man or animal. Yet the missile itself was strangely hard to find.

Once in a while they found what seemed surely to be a thunderbolt, though, in fact, it was something utterly different. Roaring down out of a clear sky with a trail of fire and smoke, came meteorites, which proved to be made of iron, something they did not know existed on earth because they had not discovered how to smelt it out of the ore and it was plenty good and hot. The thunderbolts of Jove therefore must be made by Vulcan, god of fire, who lived down in the ground because they saw his forge flare up in volcanic eruptions.

Every lake and river had its spirit, too. The "guns of Seneca" have been booming myseriously ever since the last ice age, but man seems to have accidentally silenced them and science believes it understands whose "voice" that was. Since the white man moved into the vicinity, he has been puzzled by sounds like distant cannonading heard on and around Seneca Lake. The phenomenon had nothing to do with thunder because it was as likely as not to be heard on cloudless days.

There were all sorts of attempts to explain the "guns" until their silencing revealed the correct one. The Indians believed that the "Great Spirit" who lived at the bottom of the lake, made the noises and they were not far wrong. It is more than likely that some terrified redskin may have seen the local god because the "Great Spirit" was natural gas.

A. M. Beebe, geologist and gas engineer of the Rochester Gas and Electric Corporation, has shown scientifically where the gas came from and why it seems to have stopped. When the last ice age ended, New York State was relieved of a tremendous weight and an icy seal. In the neighborhood of the lake, at varying depths, up to 2,000 feet, lay a stratum of rocks known as the Oriskany Sandstone, impregnated with natural gas at a pressure of about 800 pounds to the square inch.

In due time this valuable gas was discovered, wells were sunk which reduced the pressure in some places to nothing and in others it has been cut to 480 pounds. Before the wells relieved the pressure, the gas was striving to escape but with not much chance because it was imprisoned under some 2,000 feet of sandstone, limestone and other minerals.

There was just one weak spot in the prison. Seneca Lake is part of an ancient canyon carved out by an even more ancient river that flowed long before the first red man appeared on the scene, and it cut down into that stratum of gas-filled stone. The ice-age glaciers scraping over the State dumped enough general debris to plug the bottom of that cut and more than half way to the surface. Then above it, collected the waters of Lake Seneca, 550 feet deep.

It was not an easy road to freedom, up through that plug of drift matter, but it was the only one and knowing the geological formation and the habits of gas, Mr. Beebe says that from time to time, it was natural for a gas bubble to burst through the bottom of the lake. From that point it would rise like a balloon to the surface. With every foot of its rapid ascent, the water pressure would decrease, causing the bubble to expand in size at such a rate that even a moderate-sized one at the bottom would be big enough to break the surface with explosive force.

Another "Great Spirit" who makes the "Moodus noises," seems to live underground and so far has escaped detection by science. In Connecticut, Moodus is a small part of the town of Haddam, but to scientists the world over, it is the only important part. Occasionally, amid an ominous rumbling which seems to come out of the earth under their feet, residents of Moodus hear and see their dishes rattle. Other parts of Haddam get it in a lesser degree, but the Moodus rumpus, whatever it is, belongs to Moodus.

It has some of the earmarks of a baby earthquake but the limits where it is felt and heard are too small even for that. Some day science will get the explanation, but the Indian never had any doubts. It was a big Manitou whose tepee was under the ground and he showed his dislike of trespassers by shaking things and grumbling whenever he heard even the soft footfall of a moccasin over his ceiling. The place probably was something of a game sanctuary until the unbelieving white man came along.

Meteorologists shake their heads over the hissing, crackling and boiling sounds that come down to their ears when watching the aurora in the far North. An electric disturbance strong enough to drape the sky with such an impressive expanse of colors might well be strong enough to cause a certain amount of sound waves. But this theory is confronted by the fact that often the visible activity is forty to sixty miles and more above the earth, which is a long way for even a powerful sound wave to travel in air of ordinary density.

Worse than that, the air is known to be so rare at such heights as to make it an almost sound-proof vacuum. The aurora seems to give off some sort of force which is converted into sound when it reaches the lower levels of the atmosphere. But what can it be?

When this is known it may also solve the inexplicable sounds that drop from a perfectly clear, early-morning sky onto Yellowstone Lake. Everyone who hears them agrees with the Indian that at least he is right in locating this Manitou as overhead. What can the invisible thing be that seems to travel rapidly through the heavens, giving off a hissing or rustling sound which some liken to the flutter of wings? This sort of sound may have suggested to the ancients the invisible wings of Mercury, messenger of the gods and later the wings of angels on their all too rare errands of mercy.

At other times the sound is like a church organ being played far up in the blue, as if the player had the tremolo stop on. The effect only lasts a few seconds but it is often repeated as many as five or six times.

One suggestion is that some of the newly discovered rays that bombard the earth from outer space, or others which do not penetrate to the ground, cause these sound vibrations. If so, then this heavenly music should be constantly descending on nearly all parts of the planet. Quite likely it is, but certainly such soft sounds would not be audible [illegible] even the smallest towns. In few places is the silence so profound as on the stretches of Yellowstone Lake during a windless morning. Also it has been found that the rounded sides of a canoe or open boat act as an echo, condenser and sounding board for vibrations from above.

Echo, mocking the caveman's uncouth shouts and yet, like a cricket or frog, becoming mysteriously silent when she approached the mocker, must have seemed to be another spirit, though too frivolous to be an important one. The Greeks, though they must have known well enough the explanation, half pretended that Echo was a minor immortal. The modern, rather sophisticated dog, will bark all night at his own echo, unless the police force his inconsiderate owner to take him into the house.

In the Paradise Quarries, in Sicily, there is a grotto hewn from the solid rock in the shape of the letter "S." It is 210 feet long and 75 feet high and the acoustics are the most wonderful in the world. The faintest rustling of a small piece of tissue paper at the entrance to the grotto can be heard 200 feet away just as clearly and as loud as if it was close to one's ear. Dionysius is said to have spied upon his prisoners from a small room high up in the roof of the grotto, where, although unable to see the prisoner, he could hear the slightest whispered word.

According to the ancient Greek legend, there was a group of beautiful sea nymphs who frequented a particular island in the Mediterranean and sang with such alluring voices that sailors could not resist their calls and, approaching them, were destroyed. But the old legendary hero, Ulysses, sailed past the spot safely. He filled the ears of his sailors with wax so they could not be tempted and caused himself to be lashed to the mast so he could listen to the singing and be safe from the danger of leaping overboard to swim to them. Scientific investigation explains this legend as based upon the peculiar rock formation of one of the islands, which is pierced [illegible] under [illegible] influences of tides and wind.

The miracle of St. Martin of Tours in the fourth century impressed all observers. When a fiery glow appeared over his head while he was saying mass at the altar. The appearance of the fiery globe in the church seems to be a well-authenticated fact and science now believes it was a "fire ball."

The singing sands of the Great Gobi Desert have fascinated thoughtful persons ever since Marco Polo returned from his medieval travels to tell Europe about them. Sometimes these are merely rumbling noises, sometimes they are like the notes of harps and pipes, coming up from the sand. Usually the direct cause is the footsteps of the hearer, but a strong wind on the desert will start up what has been described as "like a thousand orchestras." Again there are occasions when the sand plays to itself without visible provocation.

These and other singing sands in various parts of the world have been studied, and the probable explanation is known. The noisy sands are always old sands, that is sands which have been exposed to the effects of the weather for unusually long periods. In time, water and air tend to remove all but the hardest, glassiest particles. Each grain of such sand when moved gives off a tiny sound, too faint to be heard. But when the wind or a footfall sends a vibration through the sand it disturbs millions of grains. The sound, multiplying by resonance, has great volume and a musical note.

Rivers occasionally seem to have sound tricks which science has not yet gotten around to explaining. Explorers in Africa report that in certain places and under the right conditions natives are able to converse with others miles up or down stream, using the river as a sort of telephone. They do not yell, but leaning over the side of the canoe talk at the water in a sort of sing-song voice, stringing out the vowels. Then they sit up straight in the canoe for the answer. This comes in the form of a series of faint grunts through the canoe itself.

Science believes this strange "telephone" is possible because the river bed happens to be so shaped as to act as a sort of whispering gallery.

As soon as man began to erect sizable buildings which were always temples of the gods, he found some of them haunted by whispering galleries; that is, a man whispering on one side of a temple could be heard far on the opposite side of the dome but not anywhere between.

A peculiar atmospheric condition permits sounds to be heard at extraordinary distances. It is said that sound sometimes is reflected and focussed from clouds with concave lower sides in such a way that they act as whispering galleries, like the dome of a temple, allowing words spoken in an ordinary voice to be heard and understood, perhaps two miles away. To primitive man such voices coming down from the sky could be nothing else but a spirit talking.



The Ancient Greeks Invented the "Sirens," Which Came From the Legend That Their Hero, Ulysses, Escaped the Beguiling Ladies Who Lured Sailors to Their Destruction by Having Himself Bound to the Mast of His Ship So That He Could Not Break Loose and Closed the Ears of His Crew With Wax So They Could Sail Past the Sirens Without Being Harmed by Their Irresistible Song. Science Explains This Legend by the Peculiar Formation of Rocks on One of the Islands in the Mediterranean, Where, at Certain Tides and Winds, Is Given Forth What Might Be Called an Imitation of the Human Voice.

View of Cabul, Afghanistan, on the Edge of the Desert, Where the Inhabitants of the City Sometimes Hear Music and at Other Times the Booming of Thunder, and Again a Sound Like the Tolling of a Convent Bell, Which Come From the Famous "Singing Sands" of the Desert.



Photo Publishers Photo Service.

The Famous Grotto in Sicily, Called "The Ear of Dionysius," With the Most Wonderful Acoustic Powers in the World. The Faintest Rustling of a Small Piece of Tissue Paper at the Entrance Can Be Heard 200 Feet Away With Perfect Clearness.



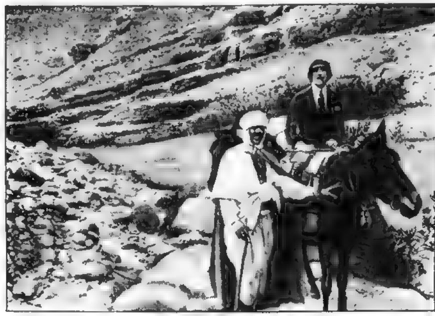
The Miracle of St. Martin of Tours and the Ball of Fire in the Fourth Century. The Appearance of the Fiery Globe Over His Head While Saying Mass Seems to Be a Well-Authenticated Fact, and Science Now Believes It Was a "Fire Ball."

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Like An Arabian Nights' Adventure

Lady Dorothy Mills, the Distinguished Traveler, Explorer and Novelist and Daughter of the Earl of Orford, Relates a Remarkable Experience While Visiting the Castle Stronghold of a Mountain Prince in Morocco


Lady Dorothy Mills in Hunting and Traveling Costume.


Lady Dorothy Mills and Guide in the Forlorn Wilderness of the Atlas Mountains in Morocco.


Ladies of the Harem in a Moroccan Household. From Photograph Which Lady Dorothy Mills Was Permitted to Take.


Courtyard in the El Hamri Fortress, Where the Author Was a Guest of the Reigning Prince.


A Mountaineer Hunter in the Atlas Mountains Who Still Uses Falcons to Capture Game for Him.


A Blind Arab "Wise Man" and His Attendant Beggar Child


A Friendly Arab Acquaintance Who Arranged for Lady Dorothy's Visit to El Hamri Castle.


Desolate Hillside on the Top of Which Is Located El Hamri Fortress, Where Lady Dorothy Was a Guest.


"'Strange, how alive she looks, and how beautiful,' murmured Prince Kasra. 'Beautiful as her jewels. Not thus have I seen death before on a woman's face.' He bent closer. 'Curious, that the snake with the emerald eyes, favorite gem of the Lala Ayesha, whom she always hated, should cling to her like a live thing. One could swear it moved. Its eyes seem to glitter, to be alive——'"

By Lady Dorothy Mills.

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NOT long ago I had the rare luck to spend a month as the guest of a prince of the El Hamri family in his vast fortress-castle high among the mountains of Morocco. The Prince was one of those great Cherifian families, immensely [illegible] overlords of vast wild territories, who still hold autocratic sway among the almost impenetrable mountains and who, for the most part, despise and resent their conquerors, the white men whose souls they believe to be damned through eternity.

What made my visit more than usually intriguing was the fact that my host, Prince Kasra, was preparing for his marriage, not to a lady of his own degree, but to Natsha of the Sloe Eyes, just an ordinary little dancing girl from the desert plains below; and I scented the nucleus of a drama that, in such a country and among such a people, would most probably develop into tragedy.

Prince Kasra was young and handsome and the year before my visit his first wife, the Lala (lady) Ayesha, had suddenly died. His grief had apparently been unconsolable. Few details were known about the tragedy. There had been a great feast to celebrate her birthday, and the entertainments had included conjurors, snake charmers, [illegible] swallowers and from Marakesh, a troupe of acrobatic dancers, of which Natsha, [illegible] beauty, had been the star. [illegible] The Lala Ayesha had enjoyed herself, [illegible] complimenting each entertainer in turn, [illegible] night, accompanied by her ladies, [illegible] to her chamber. Here, an [illegible] Kasra had found her, lying pale and cold as wax, and the cause of her death not all the physicians and wise men, hastily summoned, [illegible].

W[illegible] the castle had resumed its usual routine, though the young Prince still suffered from fits of acute melancholy. To combat these moods his retainers surrounded him with gaiety and distractions, and among the latter it was Natsha and her troupe of dancers that pleased him most. It was a wonderful life that we led, of fighting, and sport, and feasting, in the great fortress hewn from the solid rock of a great black mountain, whose retainers numbered over a thousand souls. Never have I known an atmosphere so reminiscent of the Arabian Nights in its splendor and savage gaiety.

A rumor that had slowly been growing became an established fact. Prince Kasra had fallen madly in love with Natsha, and intended to make her his wife. At first the news was a crying scandal throughout the Atlas, until public opinion mellowed a little. Such things had been done before. She was young and might give him sons, which the Lala Ayesha had failed to do, and so on, and so on. Then Natsha, the little Berber nobody, went into seclusion as the bride-elect.

As a Roumia (foreigner) and nobody's dog, I was allowed a good deal of liberty in and around the castle, and I came to know the little golden-skinned goddess rather well. I knew that formerly she had been courted by the younger princes and lordlings of the fierce little kingdom, and, moreover, that she had not been ungenerous of her favors. But that was no business of mine! Now, as duenna and watchdog she had Nouzia, an old, withered, and grotesquely ugly Soudanese slave who had lived with the El Hamri family since, in her babyhood, she had been taken by them in a raid. She had been personal and devoted attendant of the Lala Ayesha and she hated her little upstart successor with a jealous hatred; nevertheless she waited on her conscientiously.

Finding in me a worldling and sophisticate whom nothing could surprise, Natsha was pleased to bare to me her little wanton soul. She had loved her freedom and the desire of the wild men to which she had been accustomed, but she was ambitious. She craved for power. She preened herself, like a young animal in the olive perfection of her body, the languorous enchantment of her koh-ol-tinted eyes. And certainly she was beautiful, with a real devil-sent beauty. I was not surprised at the infatuation of Prince Kasra. I was merely going to be sorry for him after a while.

The Lala Ayesha had been beautiful and kind; but stupid, according to Natsha, with a tendency to fat, a woman who wanted nothing and did not look ahead.

"Everything is but a means to an end," commented Natsha. "I was a star dancer, and men are fools, so soon I shall be the wife of the greatest of Cherifians. After that, who knows? You, you are very much a woman, though older than I, who am but eighteen, and men have tried to conquer and tie you. Yet you do what you want."

"As far as the world permits, yes," I answered cautiously.

"The world! A clever woman makes her own world!"

"And the children," broke in Nouzia sententiously.

"What children?"

"The children that you are going to bear to the house of the El Hamri, who have no heirs. You may laugh! As a childless woman you are of no importance, but there is the son who will be born before the sun rises in the beginning of next year!"

"And what about the Lala Ayesha, the revered, who bore no heir in three years?" screamed Natsha. "Get out, daughter of a big black baboon! You would make me angry if you did not make me laugh." Natsha sent hurtling a cloud of ochre colored powder from a golden bowl and, as Nouzia left the room, I shivered a little as I noticed the expression on her face. I have travelled quite a lot in Equatorial Africa and, among other things, I know that references to the larger simian tribes are not popular.

Scenes of Oriental magnificence have so often been written and portrayed that I will say no more than that the magnificence of the bridal of Prince Kasra and Natsha exceeded any pageant that I have ever seen. In the midst of it I caught an occasional glimpse of the Prince, a gentle-faced handsome young man, gorgeously appareled, and worthy of the best his heart could desire, and each time I was conscious of a vague sense of pity.

On the night of the great event I came upon Natsha in her chamber where Nouzia was completing her toilet. The latter cunningly applied the koh-ol, making her black eyes appear enormous, tipped her toes and fingers with henna and softened the velvet skin with sweet oils till finally, attended by her ladies, she departed in her full splendor of stiffened brocade robe and multi-colored scarves, with jewels in her ears, and lower arms and ankles, and twined among the complicated folds of her glossy hair. Natsha was beautiful as an hierarchic empress of old, but always the same little wanton dancing girl who, as she swept past me, shot at me a wicked slanting look, and imperceptibly shrugged her slim naive shoulders.

For the rest of the evening—since as a woman and an unbeliever, I might not take part in the revels of the feudal overlords—I could hear sounds of festivity, the clash of swords in mimic tourney, the stamp of dancing feet, the loud laughter of men and the rhythm of fierce music. Frenzy dwelt in the palace, a frenzy that did not seem real, that did not belong to the ordinary workday world of civilization. More than ever did I feel that I lived in a dream of the Arabian Nights, a dream of strange, fierce beauty that suddenly might disappear at the gesture of some mighty genie.

For, in those apocryphal days, a genie might turn his finger, and some great phantasy of wealth and might and beauty would crumble into dust. And, for all the gaiety that ran round me like a fever, I was conscious of a faint unreasoning sense of strain and fear.

Rumors drifted through to me. The feast was such a one as had never been since the day of the first El Hamri, and the bride was beautiful as a gazelle in the Prophet's own garden, of a dignity and haughty grace so that even the older, more conservative guests retracted their words. This, they said, was not merely a female who had ensnared a young man's desire, but would be a worthy mother to the great house of El Hamri. When I heard all this, I was glad that Natsha had played up so well.

Soon after midnight, in my role of confidential friend, I went into the bridal chamber where already Natsha was being disrobed and made ready for the night. For some reason she was in a vile temper, throwing her finery to right and left, fidgeting and fuming while Nouzia, with expressionless face, re-annointed her supple skin, and scented her fingers and toes and breasts, and the lobes of her ears, and, with a piece of velvet, burnished the long strands of hair.

"Gently, I say, daughter of a hunchback."

Natsha threw a golden comb on to the floor where it broke in two. "What do you mean by answering me back? Oh, I know it is said that once you were beautiful of your kind, with bold eyes and flaunting hips, that the slaves and even the young masters sought you. I have even heard—is it true?—that the old Cherifian took you to his arms! Tell me, Nouzia, and I will give you the golden comb!"

The stodgy figure of Nouzia took on an uncouth air of dignity.

"I was but the devoted slave of the Lala Ayesha," she answered. "She was beautiful beyond compare, and of a gentle disposition that did not break combs."

"Yes, a beautiful doll whom I hate! Am I not beautiful, and worthy of that feeble Princeling's love? I am weary of your surliness and your jealousy, and I am weary and ready for bed. Soon my lord will come from that dreary feast with the elders. I could wager his soul irks him! Give me the key of the coffer, so that I may change my jewels and make myself beautiful against his coming!"

"I myself will adorn you, for always it has been my privilege to watch over the key. There are jewels of vast value in the coffer."

"Who should know better than I! Give me the keys, slave, and when I am adorned I will give them to the Roumia (meaning me) who, if she pleases, will pass them to you. For you are on vigil tonight."

A wink passed between Nouzia and myself. The little bride must not be allowed to remain in her temper.

"Do not stand there whispering! I want the Roumia to see me for once in all my beauty. No man of her cold country has given her such things!" With the little spitfire curled like an angry cat among the embroidered cushions, I myself was a trifle impatient at the way that honest Nouzia fumbled with the jewel case and fiddled with its contents.

"Go!" The epithet that followed was unrepeatable, and Nouzia, armed with a bundle of discarded finery, with a queer smile on her simianesque face, scuttled, crab-like, from the vaulted room.

"Good riddance!" came from the darkened bed. "You with your blue eyes that droop before no man, with your slim booted legs and walk like a youth, are at least a real woman for all your pride and purpose, and that is why I like you. Now you shall see me, beautiful as I can be!" She rolled over, like an amorous cat, fitting the big copper key in the embossed chest.

"But it is not fitting," I answered. "Soon your young bridegroom will come, and must not find me here. Take quickly what jewels you want, and give me the key."

"There is time. He will be detained long with the elders. See these emeralds! They once adorned an Empress of the East. Put them round my brow. And the rubies, red as pigeon blood. No, they are not lucky for me. This diamond many years ago was worn by the King of your cold country, and was taken from him by a Frenchman, and eventually found itself on the neck of a Princess of the El Hamri. That opal came from the neck of a Princess of Zanzibar. And now they are all mine! Always have I craved for jewels. And that is why I poisoned the Lala Ayesha——"

I suppressed an involuntary start.

"It was too easy—a drop of poisoned perfume on her hand as she caressed me, that I had purchased from Jacoub, the palsied Jew in the Mellah, at a price!"

Natsha glanced at me slyly, and if I was shocked I did not show it.

"That is why I am marrying that soft fool, Kasra. I know that you will not betray me, for you, too, are a woman! And here above all, is the snake with the emerald eyes. It was the favorite jewel of the Lala Ayesha with which she never parted, though it is of no value, formed like an ordinary snake of the hills. It is the luck bringer of the El Hamri, and Nouzia would never show it to me. But now it is mine! See how its green eyes sparkle. One would swear that it is alive."

She flung a mass of discarded jewels over the couch, from where I religiously collected them, replacing them in the great coffer. While I did so, she nursed the snake with the emerald eyes, lovingly, in her little brown hands.

"At last luck comes my way. The luck of lucks! And now, here is the golden key." I took the key and stuck it in my breeches pocket. Natsha lay, jeweled and adorned, on the bridal couch, sleepy and gentle as I had never seen her.

"And now, go, boy-woman friend of mine. I am tired and yet must await the Prince." Her voice grew drowsy. "Oh, it is cold, the snake that lies on my breast. It is colder than love. Good-night, blue-eyed woman——"

Knowing it to be high time, I hurried from the room to where, outside, crouched Nouzia among the other slaves. I threw the golden key into her lap, whereat she nodded, and turned into my own room nearby.

I was tired, and slept the sleep of the dead till suddenly a piercing scream woke me. A terrified little face peered in at the door, beckoned and fled. Throwing a burnous over my pajamas I dashed towards the nuptial chamber whence came the sound of lamentation and the low, broken sobbing of a man. As I entered the sobbing voice broke into an order.

"Be gone! I have no need of cackling women! But let the Roumia stay. She has the brain of a man."

Prince Kasra stood, looking down on the body of his young bride while the women crept frightened from the room. Only Nouzia remained, crouching at the foot of the great bed. As I glanced at her, I was surprised, almost shocked to catch a faint gloating smile and a pale air of triumph, as she hid her face again in her shawl.

"Nouzia!" I murmured to myself, while I turned a lot of things over in my mind.

"Strange, how alive she looks, and how beautiful," murmured Kasra. "Beautiful as her jewels. Not thus have I seen death before on a woman's face." He bent closer. "Curious, that the snake with the emerald eyes, favorite gem of the Lala Ayesha, whom she always hated, should cling to her like a live thing. One could swear it moved. Its eyes seem to glitter, to be alive——"

"Peace, Prince!" Nouzia's voice rose shrilly as she threw herself forward. "Do not give way to gloomy thoughts. Send for the wise men, the physicians! Rest, my Lord, and appease your sorrow in natural tears. There are plenty who would comfort you. There is beauty for your commanding!" The screech in Nouzia's voice reminded me of the harsh notes of a bad gramophone.

"There is no beauty left in the world for me!" The young prince trembled and broke, but at that moment, from the doorway, a cavalier in scarlet burnous saluted, announcing the arrival of a famous wizard from the far mountains, and the Prince quickly turned heel into the anteroom.

I turned to Nouzia who, with callous expression and almost unseemly haste, was denuding the little dead body of its jewels, and stuffing them into the great chest. As I watched her, I began to be conscious of a queer feeling of impatience, of some unexplained apprehension.

She paid no attention to me, as turning her back, she continued to jostle the little still body, and fumbled among the rumpled clothes with hands that seemed to seek something and to tremble in their haste. As she did so, she kept up a monotonous muttering.

"The snake with the emerald eyes. The luck-bringer of the El Hamri. Well called the luck of lucks!" She laughed a throaty chuckling laugh that held a note of ominous malignancy. Something sinister seemed to hang in the air, and the chuckling laughter increased till I felt I wanted to scream with nervous impatience as I watched the restless predatory hands. What on earth was the woman doing? For a moment I felt a sudden suspicion of her honesty. Jewels worth an Emperor's ransom lay within reach of those clutching hands!

"Here, let me help."

I crossed to the foot of the bed, paying no attention to her quick yelping protest. The restless hands had found what they sought, gripping fiercely; then slipped from the bed, swiftly stuffing something into the small leather bag that Nouzia always wore slung round her thick waist. I gasped! The gesture of the hands had been quick, but not quick enough to hide what they had held and hidden. They were not jewels that had disappeared into the bag. It was a small brown snake with darting tongue and glittering green eyes, terribly alive; the snake of the hills, that has the deadliest poison of all the snakes of North Africa!

The Snake with Emerald Eyes! The Luck-Bringer of the El Hamri! And Natsha was dead, and Nouzia had hated her!

"Nouzia! Nouzia . . ." But Nouzia, with an almost unnatural agility, had slipped from the room, and in the distance I heard the heavy clanging and bolting of the iron door that led down many stone stairs to the servants' quarters.

Next morning, as I rode down the mountain side towards the plains, I turned in my saddle, looking back to the looming fortress of the El Hamri, now in sable despair and mourning; and I shivered a little. The great gay Arabian Nights' dream was ended, as end so many of those fierce dreams, in love's madness, in furtive violence and avenging hate. The great genie had turned his finger, and the fierce gay phantasy had crumbled into the dust.

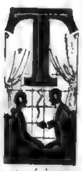
She W... H... P... by Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

I... a blow to Kent W... learn that ... estate ... Believing Bob's real happiness lies with Ann, Kent ca... Freda. He is impressed ... beauty and intelligence ... she must be a gold dig... though she refus... to buy her off ...

CHAPTER XXIX.

Clive Is Jealous.



HERE was a ... She smiled up at him and ...

... the only ... friends?" She tried to speak ...

Love ... f... but some... ... sed magnetism ...

She sprang to her feet, ... the guilty flush mounting to ...

... had taken her, in the ... years ago ...

... "But I've heard there's a lot of skill in racing driving," she had demurred.

"There may be some skill in it," he had shrugged. "But I'm blamed if I see why you should get so excited about a man you've never met!"

And now she had met him and by some curious coincidence, ... roses and Clive's roses were in different vases in this very room. But Clive's roses hadn't been put ... they had been ...

... she didn't hurry ... She was con... strange elation and a ... to hurry over ... for a long time ... mirror, brushing the ... hair back off her f... A fairly high forehead and very white. Such very white skin, and such very red hair, it made a pleasing contrast.

Well, her thoughts ran on, not only had she met Kent, but they were friends. But only after a very stormy interval! At one ... him more ... he could ... And there was ... He had hurt ...

A ... smile touched ... women only ... men who can ... It wasn't a ... nt thought, but it was probably true. What had Nietzsche said? Something about "Thou go to woman, do not forget thy whip."

It must be that, despite modern independence, the slave com... in them ...

... of falling in love with Clive again? He was very attentive ... of her. In ... had never been so very considerate of her; perhaps he had been too young and too selfish. Yet then she had loved him intensely, and now ...

His voice ... to her from the next room. "Aren't you ever coming? I'm starving."

"I'll be with you in a minute, Clive."

She sprang up from the low stool before the dressing-table, upsetting a swansdown puff that fell like a large white snowflake on the black carpet. Freda's bedroom was done in silver and black, and the appointments had cost her far more in comparison than she had spent on the rest of the apartment. But she had always felt that the room you were most alone in, and in which you thought your most intimate thoughts, communing with yourself as it were should be the nicest.

She slipped into a black evening dress, neither elaborate nor ... in cut, but one in which she always felt most at home. Gowns are like that, and what you have paid for them, or how smart they are doesn't make a particle of difference.

Clive was standing staring at Kent's yellow-golden roses as she

(Continued on Page 16)



more

STRENGTH—without affecting its true flavor is a test of fine tea. Your second cup of Lipton's will taste just as delicious as the first.

It is more economical in the end to insist on Lipton's Tea.

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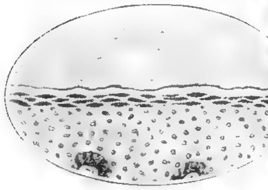
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DUPLICATES NATURES GLORIOUS LIVING COLORS

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Skin drying up?

MELT HORNY CELLS ON SURFACE SKIN WITH SPECIAL SKIN SOFTENER





(Left) Ep... a ... skin. Its a ... of horny ... constant... causing roughness.



SEE SKIN SOFTEN —INSTANTLY!

DRY SKIN is dead surface skin.

What causes it? The constant drying of the outer surface of the skin—due to outside influences—wind, sun.

A distinguished dermatologist says:

"Due to the drying-up process, there is a coating of dried out cells—desiccated cells—horny cells—on the surface. That makes the skin rough."

We asked him how Pond's Vanishing Cream affects the skin.

Dermatologist explains how:

"Vanishing Cream," he said, "has a keratolytic property. It dissolves the horny substance on the surface, leaving the skin soft...fresh...transparent. It has another property—it leaves a thin film on the skin which keeps the natural moisture from evaporating too quickly due to sun, wind."

Vanishing Cream therefore both protects against loss of natural s... and restores softness. Thousands of women have found this out for themselves in actual experience.

No matter what their method of skin care is, they never fail to finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It protects completely against dry, rough skin—keeps it clear—young.

Holds powder marvelously...

Every time you powder, put this magical skin softener on first. It gives an enchanting smoothness and keeps you looking freshly powdered for hours and hours. It is greaseless. Always put Pond's Vanishing Cream on after every cleansing . . . your nightly cleansing, too. Use it on hands, arms, elbows! See how it keeps them, too, soft and white—alluring.

Miss Anne Gould, shown above, says: "I find Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths and softens my skin divinely. Also, it is the grandest foundation cream ever."

Try this splendid skin softener yourself. Simply send coupon below with 10 cents for 10 days' supply and samples of 3 other beauty aids.

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I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
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LET THE MAN WITH THE WITHERED ARM WARN YOU . . .



CHEW *Dentyne* OFTEN

. . . it's delicious

For ten years the Indian fakir held his arm motionless, pointing toward Mecca. Now, through lack of excercise, his arm is withered . . . useless.

The mouth, too, needs exercise — regular vigorous chewing to make it work normally . . . to help keep the mouth and gums healthy . . . to keep the teeth clean and sound.

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Many people chew Dentyne for mouth health, but even more chew it because of its spicy, delightful flavor. From the very first savory taste you will rejoice at having found so good a chewing gum. You'll enjoy its satisfying firmness—its smooth texture. Try Dentyne today and keep on chewing it for health and for pleasure.

Chew delicious

Dentyne



KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

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"Millionaire Sleep"—

—the most comfortable in the World— yours for only 2¼¢ a day

One third of your life can be lived like a Millionaire!



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND JR.'s real Gothic castle, "Bodia Mare," at Gloucester, Mass. Mr. Hammond has spent a fortune on the house and the treasures it contains. The great hall, copied from the nave of Carcassonne Cathedral in France, is 75 feet high and 175 feet long. In the glass-enclosed patio, four stories high, many kinds of tropical flowers bloom the year round. Here, as in wealthy homes throughout America, Beautyrest is the preferred mattress.

DON'T let anyone tell you it isn't fun to be rich. "Money may not bring happiness," a modern philosopher has said, "but it certainly can drive away gloom." Who wouldn't be a millionaire—if he could?

Now comes the astonishing statement that *practically everyone* can live like a millionaire for eight hours out of every twenty-four.

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During those eight hours, the rich man's comfort depends on just one thing—his mattress. His is the most luxurious mattress money can buy, and it brings him deep, relaxing sleep.

Yet that mattress is not expensive! For it is the Beautyrest, made by Simmons. You yourself can own one for only 2¼¢ a day.

First found in wealthy homes—now enjoyed everywhere

Millionaires all over America prefer the Beautyrest because they can buy no better mattress however much they pay. And yet almost anyone can afford this mattress—because almost anyone can afford this trifling sum.

Here is one luxury that is already known in nearly two million American homes. Simple, even humble homes. Average homes, such as most of us possess. As well as many-roomed, luxurious millionaire homes.

The Beautyrest Mattress is famed all over the world.

When it was first developed, its hundreds of resilient coils, hidden in its comfortable depths, were a sensation. The new discovery seemed like an unbelievable luxury!

Then scientific research proved that this most comfortable of mattresses is actually an investment in health — and good looks.

That the sounder, deeper sleep it gives actually renews life and vitality . . is insurance against tired, slack bodies—lined faces—keeps men and women fit for life's constant struggle.

Quickly the Beautyrest Mattress became everyone's mattress. Iron-muscled manual workers . . high-strung city workers as well as ease-loving people found that this deeper, truly relaxing sleep actually paid for itself in renewed strength and nervous force.

The Beautyrest has many imitators. But in *no other mattress* can you find all the refinements of construction you get in the Beautyrest.



Beautyrest accommodates all 45 sleeping positions

Scientific research has found that we "rest in parts." Everyone changes position from 20 to 45 times every night, in the natural process of resting every muscle in turn. If your mattress is awkward and resistant to any of these positions, you do not get really restful sleep.

That's why the Beautyrest gives deeper, more vitalizing rest than other mattresses. With its 837 individually pocketed coils (see cut), it is equally resilient all over.

Whatever position you take, your nerves and muscles are *completely* relaxed—you awake *fully* refreshed. No other mattress is the same as the Beautyrest or has all its advantages.

The Beautyrest contains *eight hundred and thirty-seven* coils of finely tempered steel. Each of these coils is separately wrapped in its own muslin pocket, to insure further comfort. And the Pre-Built border—an exclusive patented feature—makes the Beautyrest equally resilient *all over*, even to its extreme edges. The greatest sleep luxury in the world. And its actual cost is only 2¼¢ a day.

One third of your life—the third you spend on your mattress—can be as glorious and as healthful as any millionaire's! So why not get yourself a Beautyrest—tomorrow?

Ask your favorite furniture or department store about their Convenient Payment plan or special Budget plan. They will be glad to deliver a Beautyrest tomorrow and let you pay for it while you use it.

Beautyrest, $39.50 . . . Deepsleep, $29.50 . . . Slumber King, $22.75. Springs to match at proportionately low prices. The Simmons Company, Merchandise Mart, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago—New York, San Francisco, Atlanta.

★ TUNE IN on Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt Tuesday, September 25, at 9:30 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time—WJZ, WENR and the NBC Blue Network.

The Beautyrest is used in the homes of these and many other wealthy and prominent people

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MRS. ROBERT R. McCORMICK — MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN
MISS ANNE MORGAN — MRS. A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE



2¼¢ a Day—

That's about what you spend for a newspaper every day. Yet, by spending no more than this, you can have restful, revitalizing sleep—the kind that gives you extra energy for the day's work. We say 2¼¢ a day because the new Beautyrest is built to give the finest sleep for *at least* five years.

SIMMONS *Beautyrest*

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES, STUDIO COUCHES AND METAL FURNITURE

She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 14)

[illegible] anyway, [illegible] ght from the [illegible] bone up- [illegible] k hair; in the soft [illegible] ght his face appeared very [illegible] tense. He [illegible] way of knitting his brows [illegible] ghtest thing, [illegible]

[illegible] as merely [illegible] g forth [illegible] respond to [illegible]

[illegible] fore-stalled." [illegible] now. Who brought [illegible] es?"

"A friend."

"A [illegible]" he retorted sharply. "Aren't you going to tell me any more than that, Freda?"

She smiled slightly. "Nothing [illegible] present," she said, and [illegible] "Aren't you going to take [illegible] dinner? I thought you were hungry."

[illegible] stood frowning [illegible] up. Had that [illegible] whom Mr. [illegible] had told him Freda was [illegible] ged to, brought them? A [illegible] shaft of jealousy pierced [illegible] Yes, he was jealous. He [illegible] he was jealous.

Freda [illegible] watching him with that [illegible] enigmatic smile on her face. [illegible] he was jealous. But then [illegible] had been [illegible] his emotions. Once she had admired him for it, thinking [illegible] honesty and frankness. But somehow tonight it vaguely irritated her. Besides, to [illegible] because someone else had brought her roses seemed childish.

"You know I have made some friends in the past four years," she remarked, not without a certain [illegible] sarcasm. "And, [illegible] friends do bring one [illegible]"

"Then [illegible] a friend [illegible] you tell me who [illegible]" he objected.

[illegible] picked her wrap off the [illegible] It [illegible] plash of gold on the dull black satin background. "People who ask blunt [illegible] about things that don't [illegible] deserve to be answered," she told him severely. "Now [illegible] ready?"

[illegible] Clive picked up his hat off the table and followed her out of the room. This wasn't the first time that it had struck him forcibly in the face that the [illegible] Freda of four years ago and [illegible] self-reliant Freda were two totally different [illegible] Once Freda had more [illegible] danced to his piping, but [illegible] tried to call [illegible] him either [illegible] a little elusive laugh or with [illegible] direct, as she had done [illegible] It both dismayed him [illegible]

[illegible] beginning he had fanced [illegible] be easy to win her again, [illegible] how, each time they met [illegible] no less sure. It was up- [illegible] for, apart from the fact [illegible] in love with her [illegible] there was the [illegible] of money [illegible] accumulating, he had no [illegible] of support, and that five [illegible] and a year would look good to him, even though he had to [illegible] it with a wife.

He set himself out to be particularly nice to her on the way to the restaurant. Freda, sitting [illegible] a far corner of the taxi, re- [illegible] a little grimly that men [illegible] were nicest to you when [illegible] had treated them badly. A [illegible] thought that they [illegible] callous treatment be- [illegible] when you were genuinely [illegible] with them it was so hard [illegible] callous treat- [illegible]

[illegible] and took [illegible] "I'[illegible] darling [illegible] "Do you know where [illegible] tonight?" At Alfred's [illegible] the Village. You remember [illegible] used to [illegible] our favorite eating place." We always [illegible] when we wanted [illegible] celebrate something."

[illegible] "Alfred's?" [illegible] been there [illegible]"

[illegible] hard [illegible] there [illegible] I guess you felt [illegible]

[illegible] It was true. Often in the past years, friends [illegible] with them [illegible] afraid of ghosts [illegible] of Clive and herself rather shabbily dressed, but tremendously happy, discussing the menu excitedly—such a [illegible] for one dollar and a quarter—and then Alfred himself [illegible] and smiling, bringing up from his cellar a special bottle of that red wine they had ordered.

She had never imagined she could ever go there again, because of those ghosts, but now he supposed it would be all right, [illegible] she would be there with Clive. That was queer, wasn't it? What strange twists life took;

you loved someone, you were [illegible] apart, then suddenly it [illegible] as you were" again.

CHAPTER XXX.

In An Old Setting.

THOUGH Freda hadn't set foot in the restaurant for four years, and hadn't thought about it much, or had tried not to, the moment she was inside the door she knew everything about [illegible] each separate picture [illegible] the big basket of [illegible] buffet of hors [illegible] stood just beneath [illegible]

[illegible] corner [illegible] How they had [illegible] down at any- [illegible] who had dated occupy [illegible] she wondered if they would [illegible] here now, and saw with [illegible] vague sense of relief they couldn't. There was a reserved card on it; besides it was ladened with flowers, as though a bridal feast was being contemplated. Red and white carnations were gloriously stately in a thin glass vase and a bunch of orchids, pale mauve blossoms nestling in maiden hair fern, was beside one of the plates.

Alfred, himself rushed forward to meet them, shaking Clive's hand, and bowing over hers, kissed it.

"Ah, Signor Durant, this is indeed a pleasure. It's years since we have seen you. You have been well? And Signorita—or should I say Signora?"

"I've been out of the States," Clive said, rather hastily.

"Indeed? Then it is nice of you to come to my restaurant directly you return. I think you reserved your table. And the flowers have arrived. They are beautiful."

With ceremony he conducted them over to the table where all the flowers were.

"He's a dear, isn't he?" Freda exclaimed impulsively. "He always makes one feel so at home."

Clive nodded. "I've ordered a special dinner. I hope you enjoy it."

Champagne arrived and stood beside their table, lopsided in a silver bucket of ice. "Champagne!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Clive, what a celebration that would have been in the old days! We would have planned for it for a week and talked of it the whole week after." She laughed excitedly.

It was strange how, in the familiar atmosphere, the years seemed to be slipping away. Perhaps it was a trick of her imagination but she could almost have believed the past were the present, she was still youthfully in love with Clive and those miserable years of loneliness and heartache had never been.

The cold, sparkling champagne helped to intensify this mood. Clive, noticing it, was quick to take advantage of it. Leaning across the table he said intently, "Don't you feel as though we'd stepped right back into the past tonight, Freda?"

She nodded, and laughed breathlessly. "Yes, it's odd, isn't it? But it's rather pleasant . . . just for one night."

"Need it be just for one night?" he asked softly.

Momentarily her hazel eyes opened wide, then her lashes fell, throwing fan-like shadows on her cheeks. She wouldn't even pretend to misunderstand him. All the same, she wished he hadn't spoken. She wasn't [illegible] felt toward him, and instinctively she sensed that this atmosphere was deceptive. She might even imagine she still loved him a little here whereas she might find, when she returned home, she didn't love him at all.

"You mean . . . ?"

He drew a deep breath. She saw his hands clench slowly on the white tablecloth. "Yes, I mean that I love you more than I ever loved you, my dearest. These past four years have been a miserable mistake, and haven't I realized it, every moment of them? It's very seldom life gives one a chance to repair his mistakes but perhaps life has been a little kind to me. At any rate I'm going to put it to the test. Won't you be kind, too, Freda, and forgive me?"

"But I've already forgiven you, Clive," she objected.

"Ah, but I want more than forgiveness," he smiled quietly. "When I first remet you I thought I'd be content with that, but now I want your love again. I want it more than I ever wanted it. Perhaps, though you mayn't believe this, I need it more. Won't you marry me? I'm in a better position to ask you to marry me now. Before I was a penniless youth, without health and without prospects. Now [illegible] to offer you."

"[illegible] I thought you told me you'd lose practically everything if you married again," she demurred.

He turned his face a [illegible] hesitation. She noticed in the [illegible] his face was dark and [illegible] looking and once or twice, [illegible] lip twitched nervously.

"I know," he returned presently. "And though it isn't pleasant to lose a large income—I'll be frank with you, dearest—I'd rather sacrifice everything than lose you."

She was touched. He must


"That's Kent Wilburn, Flying Wilburn they call him," the Man Had Told Freda. "About the best racing driver we have over here."

love her very much to be willing to sacrifice a large fortune for her sake. An emotion rose in her, which, for the time being at least, she mistook for a return of her old love for him.

"And," he resumed presently, with a brave smile, "we won't be complete paupers, sweetheart. I'll have five thousand a year. Though I know that isn't much, we should be able to manage fairly comfortably on it. The main thing is that we'll be together."

"But, Clive," she demurred, "won't it be hard for you to live on so little when you've been used to so much? Look at the way you've been spending money ever since we met at Mrs. Redfern's cocktail party. You've been ridiculously generous with your presents to me!"

Again his lips twitched slightly and, in the pause, he fingered his mustache. All the money he had spent on her had been borrowed, but, of course, he couldn't tell her that. Far better for her to think that he would willingly sacrifice a large fortune to marry her. Women, he knew, liked to think that men were making great sacrifices for their sakes.

"I've told you all that doesn't matter," he retuned, slightly harshly. "Only you and I matter, our being together . . . and our love."

Again the queer feeling came over her that the past years were rolling away. The scene wasn't quite real. It was like looking down at the past through the

(Continued on Page 21)

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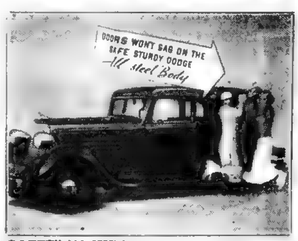
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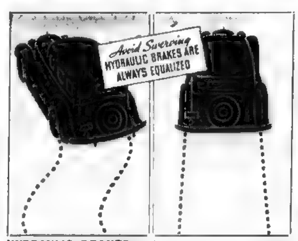
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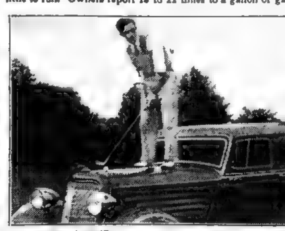
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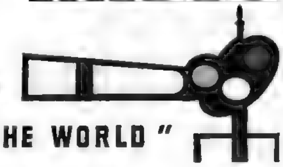


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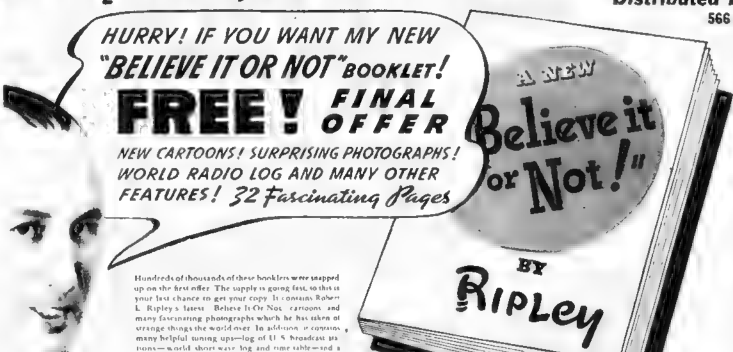
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The Making of Dan Yeo By Otwell Binns

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

D [illegible]

board and is taken ashore in the [illegible]

CHAPTER X.

Lord Danyo Returns

STRAIGHT from the wooded [illegible] of the [illegible] came a [illegible] flock of the Birds of [illegible] in the [illegible] were [illegible]

Straight [illegible] the [illegible] came, [illegible] then [illegible] on the [illegible]

M[illegible] saw them and cried [illegible] One of them [illegible] towards the shrouds [illegible] white men stood, [illegible] intention of climbing up to the birds. But Yeo gripped him with a firm hand and hauled him back.

"No you don't, you scut! Get away!"

He flung the man from him, [illegible] the Malay sprawled over a [illegible] piece of rope, the wonder-[illegible] flashed into the [illegible] flew back to the wood. Yeo watched their flight with regret, and then stared at the stockade on the hill and the village [illegible] with eyes that told his [illegible] friend that already the [illegible] him in the toils of [illegible] Quite suddenly [illegible] hoarse and [illegible]

"[illegible] the men."

"N[illegible]" [illegible] Cardon [illegible] that hid de-[illegible] "There's no need [illegible] We want no heads to [illegible] or the temple of D[illegible] Let Mahya spread her [illegible] There's nothing lost by waiting. I'll [illegible], and a good [illegible] to be gained. Trouble is nothing to go seeking, down in these seas and heaven knows what shape it may take across there." He jerked his head in the direction of the beach as he spoke and then added "As I said we'll have a deputation as like as not in an hour."

"I'm going now!" broke in Yeo. "Sling the boat out."

"I'll sling you to the yard-arm first," [illegible] the little [illegible] "Listen to that, [illegible]"

Through the boom of the water [illegible] of the reef [illegible] from the shore [illegible] from which Yeo [illegible] them looked like dancing dolls were hurrying along the beach on which the blue water of the lagoon lapped lazily. Then Cardon spoke again, quickly:

"Listen to that drum! Ever heard the like before in these seas?"

Dan Yeo listened carefully, and a curious look came in his blue eyes. Then he spoke tersely.

"Not here! But in England! Sounds for all the world like a kettle drum directing a battalion in line."

"Exactly—or a ship's drum calling to quarters. They used drums in the old days—"

He broke off and stared unseeingly at the island, then he spoke again.

"Things are working out according to the manifest, Dan. There's the stockade, these folk are as white as you or me, and there's no doubt about the birds. Holy Christopher, they're that tame they'll feed out of the hand, I expect! Remains now the temple and the image. If they pan out the same way—"

He checked himself as he saw that Yeo, instead of listening, was watching the proceedings inshore, and was engrossed. Suddenly the big man spoke.

"Proa is beached. There's a crowd round Mahya. They seem to be clean daft. Can't understand how the girl has made the place again after being set adrift to do I expect—Hello! There's an [illegible] with white whiskers, mitred like a bishop and with a breastplate that seems all jewels. If they're real the old boy wears a king's ransom to shield the heart. Carries a staff—to help his tottering limbs, I guess. No! by heaven! He's [illegible] Mahya. The [illegible] crook gold [illegible]" He broke [illegible] Get out [illegible] The woman [illegible] They're dragging her up the beach the [illegible] Get out [illegible] Quick, little [illegible] nothing but [illegible]

[illegible] as [illegible] word Cardon [illegible] to bout or-[illegible] down to the cabin, and returned carrying a couple of rifles. In no time at all the dinghy was afloat, and Dan Yeo was slipping down the accommodation ladder. Cardon followed him, but Dan Yeo waved him back.

"Better stand by the ship, little man!"

"The ship be jiggered. Do you think I'm going to miss any of this business. If there's a scrap I shall be needed; and anyway I'm not being left. I like Mahya, and as I brought her here I'm responsible."

He snapped an order to the Malays. The boat was pushed off, and a second later was being driven through the water at a pace that no one but the little man at the tiller could have got out of the native crew. Yeo, the glasses glued to his eyes, watched the proceeding on the beach, recording events in crisp speech.

"The swine have ceased to drag her up the beach. Four of them—the crew of the proa, I expect—are gassing to old Mitre. He's listening, shaking his head. They've seen the dinghy . . . We're for trouble I expect. Get ready, Cardon. They won't have guns, but arrows are nasty things, and maybe we'll have to stand off the beach and argue them for a while, same as we used to do in the old black-birding days down in the Solomons. But if we have to shoot . . . it's old crook and mitre who goes first."

He lowered the glasses and thrusting a hand into his tunic pocket produced the revolver which he had taken from Ransome on Sun Kee's veranda. He turned the cylinder to make sure that it was in working order, then gave his attention to the beach again.

Half naked men were huddled there in groups, watching. So far as he could make out they were not armed, but of that he was not sure. Two of them still held Mahya who had sunk to the ground, while the man in the jeweled breastplate stood alone, leaning on his crook. To him Yeo gave closer attention.

His sarong was white, and unlike the men about him his shoulders were not naked but hidden [illegible] a cloak of some white lacy stuff that might have been a chasuble. Yeo remembered a certain unspiritual adventure of [illegible] own in a church at Goa, [illegible] had included an in-[illegible] with a man attired much [illegible] the white-haired old man on [illegible] beach leaning on his golden staff. Sudden understanding came to him.

"Great day!" he ejaculated. "Melchior the priest—or I'm a sinner."

"So!"

Cardon stared at the white-[illegible] priest with his bejeweled breastplate, and he laughed quietly.

"There's lively times ahead [illegible] Dan. And here's another of Mahya's statements proved no lie. And we'll know about the rest soon." He snapped at the crew. "Give way!"

The scattered groups on the beach moved, getting closer together so as to form a single crowd, with the breastplated priest in the foreground.

"Take a squint through the glasses, Yeo, and see if there are spears or bows and arrows about."

Yeo scanned the crowd carefully. "None that I can see, little man."

"Then we'll take a chance, and run straight on the beach. If M[illegible] done the trick we're safe. If she hasn't and there's trouble, down old Melchior first shot. You can see he's the spider of that web. Get ready to jump . . . Now! You first, Dan!"

The boat took the sand with a rush that half beached her, and in the same second Dan Yeo leaped and as he found the firm sand, stood upright, confronting the crowd of men and women in front. They were white as himself or Cardon, but for all that, having landed on many hostile beaches in his time, he sensed that the situation was not without peril, that in that moment it was touch and go for himself and his friend who was giving terse instructions to the boat's crew behind.

He heard the boat rasp off the sand and the splash of oars told him that the dinghy was afloat again. That he knew was a measure of precaution leaving the way open for a swift retreat in case of necessity. In his mind's eye he could see the Malay Serang, sitting with a rifle across his knees ready for action, while the crew, hands on oars, sat watchful, with the boat afloat near enough to be reached by men hurrying in peril of their lives.

In old times as he had stalked brazenly up beaches where spears gleamed in the bush, and bowstrings twanged significantly, the waiting boat with the covering rifles had been reassuring; but as he stood there, he had a sudden conviction that on this occasion the boat was superfluous. It would not be needed.

He stood a moment longer with the wind playing in his ruddy hair, his blue eyes flashing over the crowd in front, then following an unaccountable impulse, he raised an arm in old Roman salutation, and took a step forward. In the crowd on the beach there was an indefinable wavering movement like the undulation of corn in a Summer wind. It might have heralded either a wild surge forward or a panic stampede, but whichever it portended, the situation was saved by a woman's voice, speaking in mongrel Dyak.

"The Lord Danyo!"

"Good old Mahya!" chuckled Cardon at Yeo's shoulder.

Dan Yeo did not turn round. Among savages such a movement might have precipitated an attack, and the huddle of men and women in front, white though they were might have reverted to the primitive.

He kept his face towards them, his blue eyes aflame with excitement but steady as if they had been of glass, his personality dominating the situation. He stood unflinching, a towering figure and by reason of the superstition which Mahya had confessed, to those who watched, an incredible apparition of power—a being long expected, in whose eyes the dirty white ducks he wore might have been robes of majesty.

Power was his. The assurance of the fact grew as he stood there, dominant, triumphant; to those who watched him a mysterious, awesome figure. They shrank a little from him. That was evident to him, and it gave him his cue. He remembered Mahya's wild story and divined the thoughts in the untutored minds of these white savages, the surging mingled emotions of fear and wonder in their hearts, and he played up to these as a great improvisator makes melody from the inspiration of the moment. For the moment he forgot the resentment awakened by Cardon's suggestion of the very thing that was taking place, and rose to the moment's demand.



Amazement Held Dan Yeo Dumb. Looking on Those Polished Features He Felt Like One Beholding His Face in a Mirror.

CHAPTER XI.

Melchior.

WITH one hand still raised, but with the other gripping the revolver in the pocket of his tunic, Yeo took another step forward. The result of that action astonished him. Again there was a wavering movement in the packed mass in front; then a good half of those who watched him slid to their knees and buried their faces in their hands which in their deep obeisance touched the sand.

Action is infectious in the herd. Sheep follow their bellwethers, and among men the impulse is to go with the mass. In two's and three's, and at last one by one, all those on the beach followed the example of their fellows, until only old Melchior stood, uninfected by superstitious awe, and plainly antagonistic to the man whose appearance had kindled it in the hearts of his people.

A figure of some distinction in his white sarong and chasuble, with the jeweled breastplate and mitre, he stood there leaning on his golden crook, staring at the man from the sea whose advent so profoundly affected those who stood about him. Perhaps, as a priest, he was without faith in any spiritual manifestation, or like many another priest incredulous of the seeming miracle happening before his eyes. There was dignity and power in his bearing, and as Yeo, observing him closely, was quick to note, a certain challenge in the shrewd old eyes, to which his own spirit kindled. The priest it seemed meant to bar his way. Well, he would show him.

Never one to brook opposition, the suggestion of it fired him whilst the consciousness that if the mitred ancient had his way, Cardon and himself would probably meet with a speedy end, dictated his next action. Unless they were to retreat ignominiously to the waiting boat, it was necessary to move boldly and promptly, and show these kow towing fools that their priest was no man to be afraid of.

Yeo moved forward again, slowly, but straight up the beach in the direction of the man with the golden crozier. The priest stood, watching him with hostile eyes, and yielding not an inch. Nearer Yeo drew to the other, whilst Cardon halted a little way behind, to watch the contest of wills, and to cover his friend in case of need; a precaution not unnecessary in view of the crozier which would give the priest a long reach, and which had the promise of being an efficient weapon.

Three yards or so away from the priest the adventurer halted. Both men were tall but Yeo stood half a head taller than the other in spite of the slope of the beach. Their eyes met in almost level glance. Yeo's were masterful and dominant, the priest's sullen, but with a light of curiosity in their depths.

Neither spoke, but as he stared at the ruddy-haired man before him there was a swift change in the priest's eyes. The sullenness gave place to a flash of fear, the curiosity to wondering awe. Yet the silent battle of wills went forward as they continued to stare at each other, Yeo determined that the man should give way to him, the priest, as it seemed, still sullenly resolved to do nothing of the sort, his eyes meeting the other's, obdurately and unwaveringly.

For a full minute they stood so, each trying to stare the other down. The wonder in the priest's eyes and face grew, and though he stood there obstinately, Dan Yeo knew that whilst he stared courageously, the old man's soul was flinching. Under the white moustache there was a pitiful quivering of the lips, and the crozier resting in the sand jerked as if the hand that held it suffered from jumping nerves.

Remembering Mahya's wild story, and realizing the ghostly terrors that must be assailing the heart of this hoary man, Dan Yeo felt a surge of admiration for the indomitableness that kept

(Continued on Page 19)

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The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Oliwell Binns

(Continued from Page 18)

him there, challenging and unyielding, apparently determined not to give up an inch of ground or one tittle of his authority. But, as he knew, the situation could not last. Though he did not remove his eyes from the other's, he was conscious of a movement in the crowd in front.

Heads were lifting, eyes watching doubtfully, as he guessed, and from that to the watchers lifting themselves to their feet was but a little step, and if that happened anything was possible. The situation must be ended before it become at once damaging and perilous. He laughed suddenly—a long rolling laugh characteristic of him, and the priest jumped as if he had been stung by a snake.

"Well, Melchior—old Melchior," cried Yeo, still laughing, "how sets the wind today?"

At the sound of his name on the other's lips the priest started again. A look of sick apprehension came on his old face, and for the first time his eyes left Yeo's, wandering in the direction of his wondering flock. Then his face suffered a sea-change, an expression of swift understanding taking the place of the apprehension that had been there. Very conscious of that change, Dan Yeo glanced swiftly about him for the cause of it.

Following the direction of the old man's gaze he saw Mahya half lifted from the beach; and with swift intuition reached the true explanation. The priest, startled by the use of his name, and at first finding something mysterious in it, had seen the woman and in her had found a commonplace explanation for the knowledge which at first had seemed extraordinary.

While Yeo watched, the old eyes became patently hostile again, a flicker of contempt came in them, and for a second there was a look of cunning on the wrinkled face. Then the priest shot a single questioning word:

"Danyo?"

His voice was hoarse and cracked and there was a false ring in it which Yeo, much on the alert, marked. That and the look of cunning made him doubly watchful, though he gave no sign of suspicion. An odd whim decided him to follow the other's lead.

"Yes!" he said, cheerfully, slipping into a Dyak dialect. "You have it right, Melchior. Danyo—in the flesh; after this long time. Take me to the temple of the image and to the grove of the sacred birds."

That the priest had some difficulty in understanding him was clear. His mind visibly struggled with the words, but while Yeo waited, comprehension showed in the old face—which again was followed by a look of doubt as if once more he had found the incredible become truth. Then again his eyes turned to the woman Mahya, seeking the explanation in her, and in the same second his old figure tautened and a flash of rage came to his face.

"Look out, Yeo!"

Cardon's voice behind him conveyed unnecessary warning. Dan Yeo had already anticipated hostile action, and even as the priest swiftly shortened his hold to swing the crozier, he leaned forward and snatched it from his hands.

"Fool!" he thundered, and fronted the priest with raging eyes.

Melchior, however, was undaunted. He shouted something in an unknown speech to his staring flock. Dan Yeo without understanding the words divined their purport, and the conviction that the priest was urging them to attack him, braced him to a great effort. There was a rippling movement in the crowd. One or two half-naked men rose to their feet, and the sunlight flickered on the bright blade of a kris in the hand of one. Yeo marked the flicker, and called to Cardon "Watch my back!"

Then he leaped forward. The leap took him across three half prostrate forms and within a yard of the man with the kris. His hand shot out—the index finger stretched accusingly. His eyes flamed, but he did not speak.

The man at whom he pointed went pale under his tan, his face turning to a dirty mottled gray. A look of pure terror leaped in his eyes as he stared at the red-headed giant towering over him plainly raging. The man shivered violently, and dropping the kris lifted his hands to his face as in very fear.

Yeo continued to stare at him in a profound silence that was broken only by the sound of the water on the reef. So for perhaps half a minute, then the man, stark with terror, gave a strange bleating cry, and suddenly collapsed in a faint that looked like death.

Yeo glanced down once at the huddled form, then his gaze traveled round the shrinking assembly again. The other men who had risen at Melchior's command had faded back into obscurity, and only the priest himself stood erect and watchful and unyielding. With a gesture of contempt, he stooped, recovered the kris, and whirled it from him in a gleaming arc to the sea. Then slowly he began to walk back toward the [illegible] in something of [illegible] quandary what to do, though [illegible] mask-like betrayed nothing of h[illegible] thought.

He circled round the trio over whom he had leaped and as he did so met Cardon's gray eyes. For a moment the little man's gaze shifted significantly to old Melchior, then came back and met Yeo's again. Yeo understood the silent message that [illegible] conveyed very well but chose to disregard it, and a moment later Cardon voiced it in a whisper.

"Better knock out the Shaman, Dan! He's a dangerous old bird."

The advice however did not accord with Dan Yeo's notion of things. In a vain moment he had taken up the part of the mysterious Danyo, and he would play it to the end. His pride urged him in that course; while he was more than reluctant to becoming the mere filibustering ruffian which the action advised by Cardon would make him. Also, he was convinced that [illegible] for any [illegible] So far he had won by [illegible] of will and by playing on [illegible] superstitions and credulous expectation, with Mahya to help and

A whistle of utter astonishment broke in on his thoughts, and he looked quickly at the little man, whose gray eyes, wide with wonder were fixed on the wooded slope behind the beach. Following his gaze he himself turned swiftly in that direction, and in the same instant heard his friend's voice registering inexpressible amazement.

"Holy smoke! Here's the fairy queen of this fairy-tale museum!"



Dan Yeo Remained Perfectly Still Under the Appraising Gaze of Those Clear Eyes, the Whilst His Own Eyes Drank in Her Beauty.

CHAPTER XII.

Elespeth.

AN expression of sheer wonder [illegible] in Dan Yeo's [illegible] saw the cause of Cardon's amazement. Coming down the slope between the [illegible] was a real [illegible] girl clothed in some filmy clinging stuff that hinted rare beauty of form and limb. She was of blonde type, bronzed by the sun of the Line, but as Yeo knew instinctively of white blood without a hint of dark stain.

Her hair was golden in the hot sunlight, and from under golden brows, sharply arched, her eyes looked forth, blue, with the blue of the deep seas, but full of strange, illusive lights testifying to secret fires of emotion. The features were finely chiseled, the red mouth clean and delicately cut as a flower. As she moved her slim body was vibrant, quick and exuberant, conveying to the startled Yeo a [illegible] of vivid life that made it [illegible]

He [illegible] at the vision, and was stricken dumb by it. Never had he seen such beauty, a form so radiant with life, and his mind was fumbling with her identity when the revelation came.

"Elespeth! Elespeth!"

He recognized Mahya's voice and saw the girl start and look swiftly in the direction from which the cry sounded. His brain began to function clearly again. So this was the girl of whom Mahya had spoken to Cardon, the vestal of Danyo, and the virtual queen of the island, dividing only a portion of her power with mitred witch-doctor, who stood there, watchful [illegible] like an owl. He [illegible] her with burning [illegible] Odd emotions surged [illegible] He had a sensation of choking, the blood certainly was singing in his head, and the girl spoke, addressing Melchior the priest.

What she said Yeo did not know—did not trouble to know. The voice completed what the sight of her had begun. It was like a golden bell—no! Something clearer, deeper-toned, a music which set secret chords within vibrating responsively, and prosaically brought the blood surging in his head again, so that for a moment he saw her through a blurring mist.

Then [illegible] brain and sight cleared, and he heard the priest speaking in a voice that shook with passion whilst he gesticulated like a madman. The words belonged to no speech that he knew or recognized; but that it had to do with himself was easy to guess from the glances in his direction which the girl flung from time to time. Then again [illegible] spoke, [illegible] word cut off from [illegible] reached his ears.

"[illegible] Danyo—"

Dan Yeo's heart leaped at the name, and looking on this fair girl clad in vestal white, with eyes like the deep sea and hair of [illegible] gold, a wild resolve came to him. He would be Danyo or any other ancient god to gain her favor, to kindle her interest and to win her love.

Melchior began to speak again, vociferously, passionately, and divining that he was maligning him, decrying him to the wonder girl, it was only with a great effort that Yeo refrained from stepping forward and wringing the priest's neck. Then behind him sounded Cardon's voice.

"Jimmy! [illegible] The governing lady! Might have guessed it first shot. Dan you've sure got to make friend with—"

Yeo heard no more. The girl in vestal white made an impatient gesture to old Melchoir, and [illegible] to move forward, down the beach. Six feet or so from Dan Yeo she halted, and scrutinized him. Dan Yeo remained perfectly still under the appraising gaze of those clear eyes, the whilst his own eyes drank in her beauty. He saw her start, saw the wonder grow in her eyes, then the clear cut lips quivered and from them came a single breathless word.

"Danyo."

The word spoken in that golden voice set all the quick chords in Yeo's heart singing. His eyes flamed, he stood for a second dumb, shaken by an impact of emotion such as he had never known in all his life, then he ejaculated her name.

"Elespeth!"

At that the wonder died from the girl's blue eyes, lost in a sudden, leaping light. The fair face was dyed with tumultuous blood and the fine-cut lips half opened to speak, but no word came. For the moment the girl was a quivering bundle of emotion. Yeo saw it, knew the fact beyond question and interpreted it by [illegible] surging in his own heart. Again he repeated her name, but this time whisperingly hoarse.

"Elespeth!"

The look on the girl's face was a revelation. Dan Yeo who had seen something of the sort in more than one face in the course of a wandering life never questioned what was behind it. He knew; and in the emotional [illegible] of which he was conscious, he was aware that he himself was no way different, that the flame which had kindled suddenly in her, was burning in his own heart.

The realization of the fact shook him beyond anything that he had experienced and induced in him a reverence that he had never known. Here he knew, was no bird for the spoiler, and no coquette to play the game of love

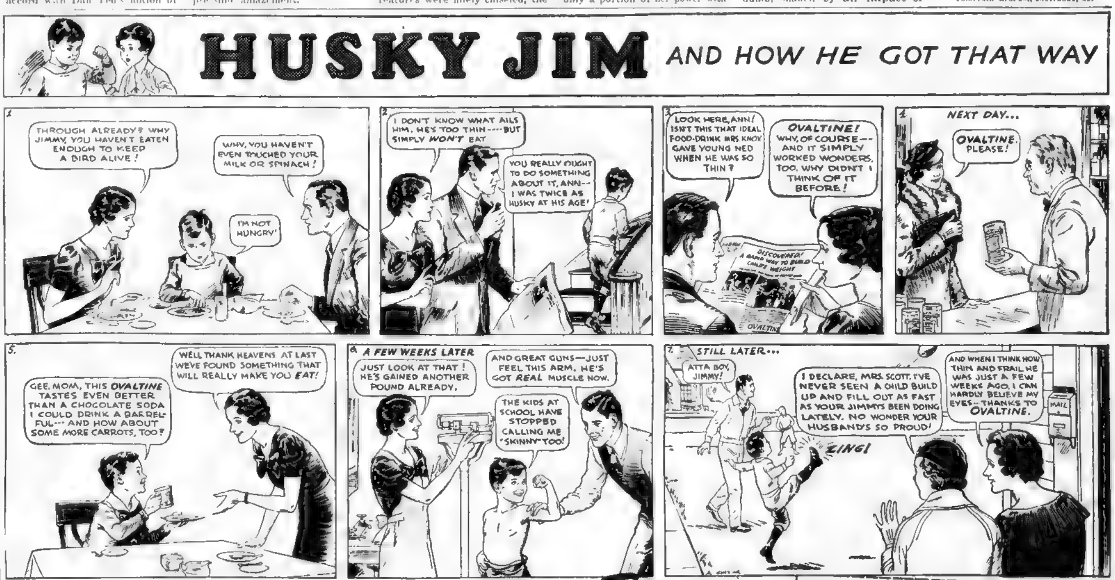
(Continued on Page 20)

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The Mating of Dan Yeo By Otwell Binns

(Continued from Page [illegible])

[illegible]



Following an Unaccountable Impulse, Dan Raised an Arm in Old Roman Salutation, and Took a Step Forward.

[illegible] Dyak tongue.

"Bravo! Good [illegible]"

He heard [illegible] whisper and found [illegible]. For the moment he was no mercenary, adventuring for lucre in strange places. The look in Elespeth's innocent eyes had driven all thought of meaner things [illegible] the latent fineness in him quickened to life.

[illegible]

"Say, [illegible] along or hold the [illegible]" The [illegible] the pick [illegible]."

"Watch him!" answered Yeo, [illegible] and went on with Elespeth.

The girl had the lightness of a deer [illegible] in her step, and a rhythm of movement that took [illegible] ground. She did not [illegible] but with [illegible] eyes fixed straight ahead, [illegible] she led him forward, up a path trodden [illegible] and strewn with coral sand. At a turn in the path he looked back much as a man might look back on a way that he was forsaking forever.

He had a flashing glimpse of the Frigate Bird swinging at anchor in the blue lagoon; he saw the boat still riding just outside the [illegible] surf on the shore, and on the beach he caught the sparkle of Melchior's mitre and [illegible] and near him [illegible] Cardon, pistol in hand, no doubt keeping the priest rooted there. Then he [illegible] his back upon them and [illegible] the turn, moved out of sight of them.

The path became narrower, the trees thicker, there was [illegible] of foliage everywhere, and everywhere [illegible] hung like green [illegible] or twisting reptiles, the [illegible] conspiring to shut out the [illegible] The path twisted through [illegible] in the hillside, down which water dripped, a cool green place where rattans lifted green plumes. Their [illegible] rope-like boughs were like a fence along the path, ferns of infinite variety [illegible] on the boles of the [illegible] fronds of [illegible] thick [illegible] from [illegible]. At [illegible] shaft [illegible] broke through the [illegible] bird [illegible] whirled in the warm ray like gnats [illegible].

Beyond the cleft they entered into more jungle, among which the path wound in and out like a [illegible] so narrow that they could move only in single file, the girl leading. [illegible] when, almost immediately ahead of him, at a point the girl had already passed, Yeo saw a coiled spring of black and yellow and caught a flash of beady eyes. It was a constrictor snake, of large size and for a moment he hesitated to pass it, but as Elespeth, missing the sound of his steps in the succulent undergrowth, looked back, he slipped by it, conscious of goose-flesh along the whole length of his spine.

The jungle maze gave on to a narrow space of basaltic rock, where boulders were heaped in titanic confusion at the far end of which a cliff barred the way. Yeo could see no possible outlet from the place, but the girl went steadily forward, and presently disappeared as it seemed into the very face of the creeper-green rock. One moment she was before his eyes, and the next she was gone.

Mystified he hurried forward and found a narrow [illegible] in the cliff and a path with a downward slope. He entered the cleft, noting as he did so that the sides of the rock were polished as with much passing of living bodies, and that further down at the exact height where a man would put his hands to steady himself the face of the rock was worn smooth [illegible] the riot of green life was without some [illegible] trace of [illegible].

A turn in the rocky defile brought [illegible] and he [illegible] more quickly to lessen the distance between them. The path wound downward, but soon he caught the gleam of sunlight on green trees, and half a minute later, almost at the [illegible], he stepped from the cleft into the open where Elespeth had halted.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Sacred Grove.

YEO had a sense of a cup-like valley with a level bottom. Great trees in a long avenue, rose like cathedral pillars, the gloom sheening a wonderful green in the light of the sun, which here and there broke through in broad splashes. Across these wide sun paths flashed now and again living bolts of blue, and about him the whirr of unseen wings and the cry of hidden birds—the birds of Danyo as he told himself whilst he stared further around. At the far end of the avenue was a building of some kind, built of dark stone relieved by white, the reason for this avenue as he told himself, the place for which it existed and to which it led.

A vision of blue flashed through one of the sunlit spaces—another—and with the sound of wings and the cries in his ears, he remembered Cardon's wild talk about the doves of Astarte. They at any rate were sacred in the groves where they flew, feathered acolytes in a strange worship, and these birds flashing dazzlingly in the sunlight of a species which ordinarily were the shyest of feathered things, so elusive that none knew their resting-places, though men sought them in the deep valleys of Papua and the lesser islands, here apparently so tame, served apparently some similar end. But what was the worship in which they figured, which preserved them inviolate and which made the killing of one of them a crime punishable with death or banishment, as the story of Mahya proved?

As the question leaped in his mind, he looked at the girl at his [illegible] vestal, if there was truth [illegible] the wild tale, of the same worship. That she accepted him for that mystic Danyo to whom these birds, and this shady grove of great trees were sacred he did not question. Incredible as Mahya's story had sounded when first he had heard it, this vestal virgin at his side, those feathered bolts of beauty flashing through the sunlit spaces, this strange grove, and the scene on the shore with old Melchior for the center of the picture had so far turned it to stark truth. Was the rest of the wild story true?

His eyes went to the dark building at the end of the avenue [illegible], drawn to it as by a magnet. What amazing secret did it hold? Could it possibly be true that there was the image of himself set up for human worship, to which these wonder-birds, the stately grove and this golden girl were all consecrated? For a moment the old skepticism leaped up. He almost laughed outright at the incredible thought, then the girl's hand sought his without any trace of either shyness or coquetry, and she spoke using familiar words but with that odd intonation which made them sound strange in his ears.

"Come, we will go to the high place."

He looked round again as they began to move forward. This cup-like valley, rimmed by the basaltic walls through which he had passed was without question an old crater; but human hands had been at work there. That grove of trees, with the sunlight breaking through was unquestionably of human planting, being too regular for nature's unaided efforts. There was evidence also that it was carefully tended.

Between the great trees no [illegible] flourished. There was turf there smooth as sheep-bitten pasture, but there was none of the succulent undergrowth that crowded each other in the virgin forest. The trees also were free from snaky lianas or festooning orchids, and in that humid valley lying under the tropic sun, and drenched as it must be by heavy downpours, the absence of these things was a testimony to the care and labor given to this end.

His eyes went to the building toward which they moved. It was of fair size, built as it seemed of the rock which walled in the valley, with white ornamentation of what as he guessed was corraline rock, and it was shaped for all the world like an English village church of the more ancient and humble sort, with a square tower beneath which was a small entrance that might have been a reproduction of a Norman doorway.

He realized that with a shock of surprise; and then and there was flashed to his mind a vision of just such a church in far-away Devon, set at the end of an avenue of elms, as this place was set at the end of this grove of strange trees.

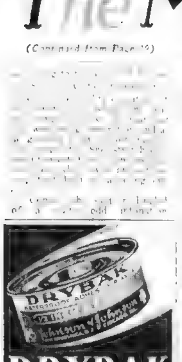
The likeness, allowing for the difference in material and setting was amazing, and he was assailed by the conviction that whoever had planned this place had surely been familiar with the other—perhaps had yearned for it and had been moved to erect this replica of it in this island of the South, as in proof of a similar yearning Abderamen the Khalif had set up a Syrian palm tree amid the orange groves of fair Cordova.

A sound of rushing wings broke on his reflections, and through a broad beam of sunlight flashed half a score of the wonderful birds, circling round him and Elespeth, as a flock of doves might have done round familiar figures from whose hands they fed. The girl stopped, held out a hand and called. The birds wheeled closer, but shot away at a tangent without alighting, and the girl spoke quietly.

"They do not know you, Danyo. If you withdrew—"

Without waiting for her to complete the words he moved from her to the shadow of the trees. The movement sent the birds in wheeling flight to the tree-tops where they disappeared. Elespeth took five steps forward till she stood in a sunlit space.

(Continued on Page 22)



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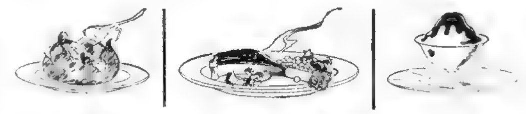
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The so-called "indigestion" from which so many of us suffer, doctors [illegible] is often only acid indigestion. Brought on by too many acid-forming foods in our daily diet by wholesome necessary foods such as starches, sweets, meats. [illegible] felt in pain, nausea, "gas" [illegible] after eating. Most people would eat these foods in [illegible] combination with others. If you do and still suffer occasionally from "acid stomach," don't worry, as your doctor will probably tell you there is now a way that provides relief often in the space of minutes.

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Nausea	Feeling of Weakness
Sour Stomach	Sleeplessness
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PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

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She Walked Into His Parlor — by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

wrong end of a [illegible] enough for [illegible] back wash of those [illegible] years ago. I wish [illegible] thought [illegible] I know [illegible] I really [illegible]

He smiled again, that [illegible] patient smile. "Aren't [illegible] a little cruel, keeping me so long in suspense?"

"I don't know [illegible] Clive," she returned [illegible], fingering the small coffee spoon on the saucer of her cup. "And do you think it's ever [illegible] to try to recapture [illegible]. Don't you think, however [illegible]

[illegible]

She smiled suddenly, and a little twinkle came into her [illegible]

"You talk of adventure. Aren't you rather romancing? It seems to me you've led a remarkably soft life since we parted."

He shrugged and [illegible] darkened. "Financially [illegible] but otherwise [illegible]." He didn't say anything further, but [illegible]

[illegible]

"You [illegible]" [illegible]

"You darling!" He [illegible] both her hands hard in his. [illegible] I know [illegible] wouldn't disappoint me now."

[illegible] to transplant [illegible] all along he knew he [illegible] of her now as if she had actually [illegible]

But, although Freda tried [illegible]

"Mustard Plasters" Prevent Floods

THE experts of Uncle Sam['s] Forest Service, after looki[ng] [illegible] 2000 acres of [illegible] in the Ana[illegible] Southern C[illegible] [illegible] conditions after [illegible] [illegible] Winter rain[illegible]

When such [illegible] which water runs down [illegible] is denuded of vegeta[tion] [illegible] a rapid run [illegible] naked [illegible]

[illegible]

And yet [illegible] it would [illegible]

[illegible] took [illegible] together [illegible] tables [illegible] with [illegible] Bognor [illegible] at her feet [illegible] France. "I [illegible] him at first [illegible] He's [illegible] temper on [illegible]

To Be Continued Next Sunday.



MISS GEORGIA ENGELHARD has scaled 90 major peaks, 38 in one season, including such giants of the Canadian Rockies as Mt. Victoria, which towers 11,365 feet...and was climbed by Miss Engelhard in record time! Slender, but a marvel of endurance and energy, Georgia Engelhard knows what it means to contend with loose rock and slippery ice...high above the timber line! To an interviewer who recently asked for her secret of maintaining vibrant energy, Miss Engelhard replied: "When people tell me of being tired out, or lacking 'pep,' I don't know of better advice to give than you'll find in the suggestion 'Get a lift with a Camel.'"



SALESMAN, E. W. Davis says: "I'm a salesman and a steady smoker. [illegible] was smoking a Camel [illegible]"

YOU'LL ENJOY this thrilling response in your flow of energy!

In light of the recent scientific confirmation of the "energizing effect" in Camels, note what Miss Georgia Engelhard, champion woman mountain climber, says:

"Mountain climbing is great sport, but don't try it unless you have plenty of energy. Many times up there above the timber line, within a short climb of the goal, I have thought 'I can't go another step.' Then I call a halt and smoke a Camel. A Camel lifts me up in just a few minutes and gives me the energy to push on."

People in every walk of life have found that Camels increase their energy. Perhaps you have observed this among your own circle of friends. You'll *like* Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Mild – but never flat or "sweetish"—never tiresome in taste. You'll feel like smoking more. And with Camels, you will find that steady smoking does not jangle the nerves.



MOTOR BOAT RACER, Mrs. Florence Burnham says: "For a long time I have been a Camel fan. Camels, being so much milder, never disturb my nerves so I smoke them all I want."



ANY TOBACCO MAN WILL TELL YOU:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand."

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

SIGHTSEER Carl Johnson says: "Camels helped me at the World's Fair when I was 'all in.' I always smoke a Camel when I feel 'low' or out of 'pep' to bring back my ener[gy.]"

Give the Girl a Room of Her Own

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

R[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... ng [illegible] pe[illegible] ty [illegible] fr[illegible] [illegible] g of [illegible].

Other mothers [illegible] chil[illegible] but now young daughters, girls who return from Summer camps or schools or from vacations spent among new experiences, and who not only dot and yew [illegible] length [illegible] hems and dresses, but who [illegible] a more enlarged "room [illegible]."

Giving the girl a room of her [illegible] worth [illegible] for the homemaker who is [illegible] of making plans [illegible] ... [illegible] ... not too young to [illegible] ... [illegible] her own [illegible].

[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] just as she would be [illegible] history.

[illegible] women and parents [illegible] of the [illegible] to be color conscious, and [illegible] beauty in both [illegible] textile [illegible] too [illegible] to begin [illegible] training at ten? Quite probably too many of our present homes are horrors in poor taste [illegible] because the child was not guarded away from ugliness and [illegible] combinations into [illegible] understanding of what is harmonious and fitting.

[illegible] a room with [illegible] what she [illegible] ... [illegible] rooms [illegible] period [illegible] some of the many [illegible] model rooms or [illegible] the country over.

[illegible] mother to [illegible] department, the curtain section and those other departments where are displayed lamps, bedspreads, pillows, etc. See what she will choose for a room of her own.

[illegible] second place there is [illegible] for children as well [illegible] to have more privacy. [illegible] to play by [illegible] or to play with their [illegible] often [illegible] for [illegible] study. How can parents expect [illegible] excellent grade [illegible] report card if the only [illegible] to study [illegible] the [illegible] living room [illegible] radio and the [illegible] people?

The good old fashioned up- [illegible] "room" or den [illegible] come back in the house [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] of drawers, [illegible] shelves, racks and garment hangers for each type of clothing. Suggest making little sachets, such as the French girl is early taught to make, so that clothing is delicately scented as it lies in its drawer, not harshly odorized with heavy perfume as it is donned by its wearer!

Shoes on shoe-trees or racks are an accepted detail of keeping a wardrobe in order. But why locate the shoe-rack in the clothing closet? Shoes worn frequently require thorough and frequent airing. See if the girl herself can suggest a more practical place for its location.

Several wire hat stands, such as are made of flexible wire and may be bent forward from the shelf, for easier use in putting the hats on and off, will make a millinery row to delight any girl's heart. The old fashioned shoe bag, the laundry bag made on a garment hanger, or the commodious cloth garment bag with side-buttoning opening, are all useful in different arrangements.

Even if the room lacks sufficient clothing and closet space, much can be done at little cost to create practical space. If the room contains a long, low radiator, for example, it is sometimes possible to make concealed closets on either side of the radiator. These may have doors or openings which either lift up or let down, disclosing a shelf or a compartment within which may be used for books, a portable typewriter, or toys.

A small desk may be located permanently on the wall at a point where reading light is good —the traditional "light over the left shoulder."

When I found it necessary to make over two rooms a few years ago when my own girls were suddenly grown up, I was unable to secure inexpensive dressers and wardrobes in the pleasing light wood finish, which I had hoped to find. My solution was successful and has been copied by friends many times. I bought two cabinet units, one such as is used to hold groceries, and the other the typical and familiar broom closet. Both were of wood finished in an attractive ivory enamel.

I placed these two units along one wall of the bedroom, leaving between them sufficient space to accommodate a small kidney-shaped dressing table. By installing a sliding garment hanger in the broom closet I secured a very commodious wardrobe, while the shelves of the other unit were employed to hold small flat articles of wearing apparel. Together, the three, the wardrobe, the dresser and the unit of shelves made a "dressing center," which was a good-looking as it was serviceable.

The last touch was a special costumer, the kind of "valeting stand" which accommodates hat, shoes, dress, skirt, and coat on its one pole—the best idea for the daily street outfit removed on coming home from school.

But where can we get a room for Doris to have for her own? True, the house and its space may be limited. But better by far to double up on the useless dining room never used more than 3 hours a day in the best of homes, and turn it into a lower downstairs sitting or study room; or look to the attic. Isn't it possible to develop from its neglected space that all-important room of her own for Doris? Or what about the often equally useless sun parlor? Could it not perhaps be fitted with a screen, a studio couch, and given its own separate entrance and privacy?

Of course everything I have said about the need of a room for the girl holds equally true for the adolescent boy.

The young girl of today is the young wife of tomorrow. Every 10 years sees 20,000,000 new, untrained housekeepers and homemakers taking up their lifetime jobs. Never too early, even at ten, to teach Doris the charm of color, the restfulness of harmony, the merits of order and [illegible], and the privilege of having her own possessions in privacy.

Recipes Readers Request

Emerald Isle Salad

CREAM 1 ounce of cream cheese with 1 or 2 tablespoons cream. When smooth and creamy pile lightly on green or naturally colored pineapple. [illegible] delicious mint flavored green pineapple can be bought in nearly all good grocery stores in large cities now. Arrange on crisp lettuce or watercress. Garnish with bit of mint jelly. Serve with whipped cream mayonnaise.

Eggs a la King

MELT 4 tablespoons butter and in it cook 2 tablespoons minced green pepper and 1 cup sliced mushrooms until soft. Add [illegible] tablespoon flour, a few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, a grating of nutmeg and a few grains celery salt. Stir constantly until [illegible]. Add 2 cups rich milk or thin cream and stir until smooth and creamy. Add 6 or 8 sliced hard-cooked eggs, stirring with a fork. Reheat over hot water and serve immediately.

Mistletoe Cake.

WASH and cream 1 cup butter, add 3 cups sifted sugar gradually and when smooth and creamy add 1 cup sour milk alternately with 1½ cups sifted flour sifted again with 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar. Beat well. Add 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 teaspoons luke warm water. Blend well. Fold in 10 stiffly beaten egg whites, (use the yolks for custard, ice cream, etc.) Pour into 4 greased and floured layer-cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven. Use two of the layers for a Mistletoe Cake and use the other two for any other desired kind of layer cake.

Mistletoe Frosting.

PUT 4 egg whites, 3 cups fine granulated sugar, 10 tablespoons cold water and 3 tablespoons light corn syrup in top of double boiler. Mix well and [illegible] over boiling water. Beat [illegible] with a rotary egg beater for about 7 minutes or until mixture will hold its shape. Remove from stove, but keep over hot water and beat constantly for [illegible] minutes longer. [illegible] cold water and beat for [illegible] minutes. Flavor with a few drops of your favorite extract. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake. Decorate with tiny silver dragees and tiny [illegible] to represent [illegible] of mistletoe.

De[illegible] Cherry Tapioca.

M[illegible] tapioca, 1 [illegible] brown sugar, 1 [illegible] teaspoon nutmeg, [illegible] teaspoon cinnamon, 2 [illegible] cherry juice and water [illegible] tablespoon lemon [illegible] tablespoons melted [illegible] buttered baking [illegible] moderate [illegible] ... [illegible].

Ol[illegible] Fashioned Peach Mangoes

S[illegible] ... [illegible] ... Put the peaches in a large bowl and cover them with [illegible] water (1 teaspoon [illegible] to each pint of water). Cover and let stand overnight. Remove to fresh, cold water and let stand about 10 minutes. Drain and dry gently on clean towel. [illegible] 2 teaspoons [illegible] mustard seed and add [illegible] teaspoon salt. Let [illegible] 10 minutes. Drain and to [illegible] 2 tablespoons grated [illegible], ¼ cup finely chopped candied ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 2 dozen [illegible]. Mix well. Use this [illegible] to fill the cavities in the [illegible]. With a needle run a white thread through the [illegible], securing it in shape. [illegible] the peaches in a large-mouth [illegible]. Boil 2 pints vinegar with 1 pint sugar for 10 minutes and pour over the peaches. Seal.

Cantaloupe Pickles.

PARE 4 or 5 small cantaloupes [illegible] not too ripe. Remove [illegible] and cut in quarters or [illegible] pieces of desired. Cover with vinegar and let stand 24 hours. Make a syrup as follows: To one quart of fresh vinegar add 3 pounds sugar, 3 ounces cinnamon, 2 ounces cloves and 2 ounces allspice. Boil the syrup until [illegible], skim well and drop the drained melon into the boiling syrup. Cook for about 20 minutes. Remove melon to sterilized jars. Boil syrup until thick. Pour the hot syrup over the melon in [illegible].

Two-Egg Chocolate Cake.

MELT 2 squares chocolate (2 ounces) over hot water. Pour ½ cup boiling water into the chocolate and mix well. Mix and sift 1¾ cups sifted pastry flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Sift 2 or 3 times. Beat 4 tablespoons (¼ cup) butter until smooth and creamy. Add 1 cup sifted sugar gradually. Add 2 well-beaten egg yolks and beat well. Add ½ cup sour milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients to the butter mixture. Add 1 teaspoon soda to the chocolate and cool slightly. Combine with the butter. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into two buttered and floured layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit, for about 25 minutes. When cold put together and cover with marshmallow frosting or mountain high frosting.

Marshmallow Frosting.

PUT ⅔ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cold water and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar in top of double boiler. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add 1 egg white, place over boiling water and beat with a rotary beater until mixture will hold its shape. Remove from heat. Add a few drops lemon juice and 6 sliced marshmallows. Place over hot water and stir gently until marshmallows are softened.

Chicken Tamales.

FINELY chop meat from ½ boiled chicken. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cayenne and 1 crushed clove garlic. Form the mixture into little rolls about 2 inches long and ¾ inch in diameter. Pour a little boiling water over 1 cup sifted corn meal, stirring constantly. (Add just enough of the boiling water to make a thick paste of the meal.) Take a heaping tablespoon of the paste, pat it out flat, wrap a roll of the chicken mixture in it. Then wrap each roll, as made, in corn husks that have been softened by immersion in hot water, tying the husks with a piece of string close to each end of the roll. Trim off the ends of the corn husks, allowing them to project an inch or two beyond the rolls. Cover the rolls with the broth in which the chicken was cooked or with boiling salted water. Add 2 or 3 small red peppers and boil for 15 minutes. Other meat may be substituted for the chicken.

The M[illegible] D[illegible] Y[illegible]

By Otwell Binns

(Continued from Page 20)

[illegible] ... [illegible].

Not a bird [illegible] moment but [illegible] dropped through the [illegible] [illegible] flying sapphire, shot with golden lights. Another followed and yet another, until [illegible] of the wonderful [illegible] fluttering about her [illegible] perching place, and the [illegible] the center of a storm of whirring wings flashing iridescently in the white light.

At last all found the resting place they sought and for a moment Dan Yeo gazed on a picture such as no man had ever seen, but which, oddly enough, reminded him of a man whom he had seen in [illegible] with the [illegible] pigeons perched on arms and shoulders and eating corn out of his hand.

But these feathered beauties were not pigeons. Pigeons might be trained to anything, but these were the shyest birds on earth, seeking the mysterious valleys, shunning human presence, yet at her call they came to the vestibule and perched upon her shoulders and arms and hands as if they knew her for a familiar friend.

Knowing the species, he marveled at the sight and found himself wishing that Cardon might have been there to share it with him. Then the girl moved and the wonder-birds winged their way to the tall trees anew.

Dan Yeo made no comment on the miracle he had witnessed. It was too much astonished for that, and, joining the girl, moved forward by her side toward the [illegible] of the [illegible] in front of which he knew must be the temple of [illegible]. The arched doorway [illegible] ... [illegible] could be [illegible]. The girl went [illegible] holding it for Yeo to pass through [illegible] ... [illegible] wafted an odor of burning spices that might have come from a small brazier, the glow of which, originating in some low burning wood, showed through the gloom.

At first he saw nothing of moment, but a little sputtering flame from the brazier unexpectedly lit the gloom [illegible] a candle flame might have done, and above the flame he glimpsed a rough pedestal with a figure of [illegible] upon it. [illegible] ... [illegible] girl moved from him in the room, he heard her [illegible] something at the far end of the building, then there was a creaking sound that might have been [illegible] ... [illegible] of the roof [illegible] ... [illegible] flood.

So vivid was the light by contrast with the gloom in which he stood that it pained him, forcing him to close his eyes for a moment and when he opened them he saw an astonishing thing.

Right under the opened section of the roof, with the sunlight streaming down upon it, was a carven figure, highly polished, and black with age. It was set on a base of basaltic rock, of which the temple was built, the feet cunningly supported on the rock and above its pedestal stood perhaps six feet high. He moved nearer and stared at it in wonder, marking details here and there. The carved figure was that of a man of the age of the Tudors and reminded him a little of the figure of Drake as it stands on the Hoe looking over Plymouth Sound. One hand was on a sword and the other was stretched, holding a sphere that might have been a symbol of the globe. But it was the face and head that held him, that kindled in him a startled wonder, and caused him to gasp with sheer amazement.

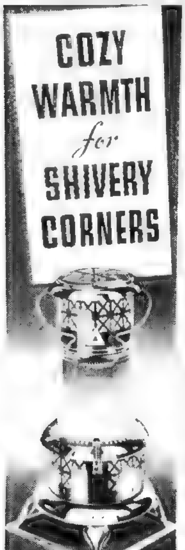
The curly mane was like his own. Line for line the carven features were his. The eyes were not conventionally closed but, cunningly carved to a semblance of life by some master hand, seemed to stare challengingly forth, as his own were apt to do at times, and the whole poise of the figure—that of a man who knew himself and could challenge fate—was one not uncustomary with himself.

Amazement held him dumb. Looking on those polished features gleaming in the strong sunlight, comparing them with his own, he felt like one beholding his face in a mirror, and understood now, how anyone—Mahya for instance—familiar with these carven features from childhood might trace the likeness of them in his own. As he stared his wonder in no way diminished, but his mind began to search for possible explanations of the mystery, and whilst they did so his eyes were busy, seeking other details in this strange temple.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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PERFECTION ROOM HEATER GIVES 10 TO 12 HOURS OF COMFORT *from a gallon of kerosene*

A Perfection Room Heater will give [illegible] extra degrees of warmth that change shivers into comfort. Carry it to bathroom, bedroom or living room. [illegible] models have fire bowl of [illegible] brand glass. Others, all metal. Choice of finishes at moderate prices.

[illegible] heating see Superfex [illegible]

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"Blue Monday" never comes when I'm at work! Under my hand white cottons and linens are bleached the whitest you've ever seen! Back-breaking rubbing? Tiresome boiling? Forget them! I'm a "wiz", too, at removing spots and stains, even the worst—from white and color-fast cottons and linens.

Besides, I'm a germicide—always pure, safe and dependable. As I work, I disinfect—an added safeguard to health.

And listen! I'm economical, for mine is concentrated strength.

Ask your grocer for me. Be sure of my name. I have no "double". . . . There is only one



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Keep your age your own secret. No one under 70 need show a gray spear. Don't be out-smarted by women your own age or "let out" of your job for some one younger in appearance.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR keeps it youthful, natural looking, lustrous; easy to use without instruction in hygienic privacy AT HOME. Harmless, odorless, greaseless; will not rub off nor interfere with curling; $1.35. For sale everywhere

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FALSE TEETH
"Stay Put" Says Druggist

"With my gums gradually shrinking [illegible] ... [illegible] difference? I now wear [illegible] for 24 hours [illegible] comfort. FASTEETH [illegible] ... [illegible] teeth all day long."

Accept only FASTEETH [illegible] false teeth [illegible] had before. Ask for FASTEETH at any good drug store. [illegible] and a large [illegible].

Ingrown NAIL



STOPS PAIN AT ONCE! NAIL SOON GROWS STRAIGHT

You won't be troubled any more by ingrown nail once you get Dr. Scholl's Onixol. Pain stops at once, the inflamed and irritated tissues are soon healed. Then the nail grows out normally and straight. Get a bottle today at your drug, department or shoe store—50c.

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

I WAS TORTURED WITH ACHES *and* PAINS— BUT NOW——



"CRAZY" TIME TABLE
2 Large Glassfuls as follows:
Morning
7:00 A. M.
½ hour before breakfast
10:00 A. M.
Middle of morning
Afternoon
3:00 P. M.
Middle of afternoon
Evening
10:00 P. M.
On retiring

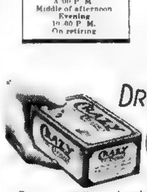
It makes one feel almost hopeless to be racked constantly with aches and pains—to be nervous, upset, run down, sleepless. But ten million men and women have turned to old Mother Nature in their trouble, and Nature has not failed them.

Thousands of letters every year tell amazing experiences of those who have tried the simple, natural plan of drinking "Crazy." No man-made drugs, no artificial ingredients, enter into this great natural product.

Gently but surely it reaches every part of the system, helping to reach the cause of many disorders. Without irritation the three main cleansing channels of the body are stimulated—skin, kidney, and intestinal elimination.

You owe it to yourself to give "Crazy" a chance to help YOU. Improper, insufficient elimination may be a principal or contributing cause of, or may aggravate, many conditions, such as rheumatism, arthritis, excess acidity, digestive disorders, etc. Thousands have found positive benefits from drinking "Crazy." Just as "Crazy" has helped them, it may help you.

Join the great army of men and women who drink "Crazy" every day. Start now with this great natural product. At drug stores.



DRINK CRAZY

For your protection, each package bears the registered trade mark, "CRAZY"

It's
"child's play"
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BATHROOM
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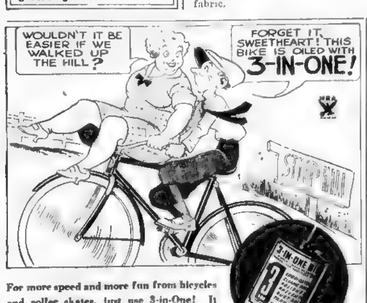
BAB-O brightens bathrooms with magical ease. No effort. Just a sprinkle of BAB-O...a wipe...and everything shines. Enamel and porcelain regain life and lustre *instantly!* Economical, too . . . because a *little* BAB-O goes a *long* way. Kind to your hands...and odorless. Order BAB-O from your dealer today.

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TRY the new Babbitt product WET-ME-WET, the magic powder in a pad. Makes windows, silverware, auto windshields and scores of household things clear and spotless in a jiffy. Ask for WET-ME-WET at your dealer. Only 10 cents. WET-ME-WET is also on sale at thousands of Gas Stations along the highways.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!



For more speed and more fun from bicycles and roller skates, just use 3-in-One! It cleans, oils and prevents rust—all at one time. Get some—use it regularly.

Delicious Tested Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking

Raspberry Vinegar.

PICK over, wash and drain 1½ quarts raspberries. Cover with 1 pint cider vinegar and let stand overnight. Strain through double thickness of cheesecloth. Boil 15 minutes. To each pint of juice add 1 pound sugar and bring to boiling point. Boil 5 minutes. Turn into hot sterilized bottles. Cool and seal.

Sour Cream Cookies.

CREAM ½ cup butter and add 1 cup sugar. Then add 1 well beaten egg and 1 cup broken nut meats. Mix and sift 2 cups sifted pastry flour, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons baking powder and add alternately with ½ cup sour cream to the first mixture. Mix well and drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheets. Bake in a rather quick oven or at about 400 degrees Fahrenheit, for 15 minutes.

Lemon Butter (For Serving with Fish.)

CREAM 2 tablespoons butter and add 1 tablespoon lemon juice slowly, beating constantly. Add 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Berry Juice (Department of Agriculture).

FRUIT juices are easily and quickly made and require very little equipment. A crusher of some kind is necessary. In making large quantities of fruit juice a cider mill can be used or if one is not available a wooden crusher can be used. If only a small quantity of fruit is to be handled a potato ricer can be used. Baskets for holding the juice, cheesecloth and flannel for straining, a large pan for heating the fruit and a wash boiler for pasteurizing will complete the list of equipment. The juices of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, dewberries and cherries make healthful, delicious drinks. Only sound ripe berries should be used. The fruit is crushed and heated to [illegible] simmering [illegible]. It is then strained through [illegible] and allowed to run through a flannel bag. Add 1 cup sugar for every gallon of juice. Pour juices into hot sterilized jars and process at simmering point 30 minutes. In using jars [illegible] top and raise clamps. Seal after processing.

Tomato Chutney Sauce.

SCALD and skin 1½ dozen ripe tomatoes, pare, core and chop 1½ dozen apples and mince 6 mild sweet green peppers and 1½ dozen small mild onions. Mix and add 1½ pints mild vinegar, 1 pound sugar, 2 tablespoons [illegible] of cayenne or black pepper, juice of 4 or 5 lemons and 2 tablespoons ginger. Simmer slowly until thick. Seal in hot sterilized jars.

Cheese Cake.

ROLL 1 package of zwiebach and then sift through coarse sieve. Mix with 2 tablespoons sugar and 2 tablespoons soft but not melted butter. Line a large round baking pan with this mixture. Beat 5½ package of cream cheese until [illegible] 2 tablespoons [illegible] sugar. Add [illegible] and 1 cup [illegible]. Mix [illegible] and fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Flavor with 1 teaspoon [illegible]. Pour into the pan [illegible] degrees Fahrenheit for about [illegible] hour or until firm in center.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toasted Muffins or Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Peppers Stuffed with Green Corn, Tomato, Asparagus and Beet Salad, Biscuits, Fruit Trifle, Tea. *Dinner* Meat Loaf, Brown Gravy, Buttered Noodles, Steamed Green Vegetable, Green Bouquet Salad, Savory French Dressing, Fruit Sherbet.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Bacon Omelet, Graham Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Salmon Salad, Tomato Sandwiches, Pineapple Cup Cakes, Punch Frappe. *Dinner* Chilled Watermelon, Planked Corned Beef Hash with Macaroni, Chiffonade Salad, Apple Pie with Cheese Pastry.	*Breakfast* Fruit, French Toast Fruit Butter, Coffee. *Luncheon* Potato Salad, Sardine Sandwiches, Jellied Fruit with Cream, Chocolate Cookies, Tea. *Dinner* Sauerkraut Cocktail, Broiled Steak, Potatoes on the Half Shell, Tomato and Lettuce Salad, Frozen Bread Pudding	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Bacon, Golden Corn Muffins or Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Steamed Asparagus with Butter, Ice Box Graham Rolls, Tomato and Cream Cheese Salad, Prune Whip with Custard Sauce, Coffee. *Supper* Baked Ham, Devilled Eggs, Spaghetti Salad, Sliced Peaches with Cream, One Egg Cake.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Codfish Cakes, Reheated Ice Box Rolls, Coffee. *Luncheon* Banana Salad, Peanut Butter and Dewberry Jam Sandwiches, Cookies, Tea. *Dinner* Frozen Tomato Cocktail, Broiled Fish, Cucumber Hollandaise, Green Peas, Parsley Potatoes, Grapefruit Jelly Salad, Toasted Crackers.	*Breakfast* Prunes, Scrambled Eggs, French Rolls, Coffee. *Luncheon* Succotash, Mustard Pickles, Corn Bread Sticks, Apple Sauce Tarts. *Dinner* Vegetable Grill (Stuffed Potatoes, Squash Timbales, Green Peas, Julienne Carrots and Beets) Ice Box Rolls (Graham), Peach Shortcake.	*Breakfast* Cantaloupe, Cereal, French Toast, Jam, Coffee. *Dinner* Chicken Salad, Sliced Tomatoes, Potato Chips Sweet Peach Pickles, Ice Box Rolls, Lemon or Pineapple Sherbet, Economy Chocolate Cake with Sea Foam Frosting, Tea. *Supper* Emergency Sandwiches (Left-Overs), Oatmeal Cookies Milk Shake or Buttermilk

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3065—AN ADJUSTABLE SHADOW PROOF SLIP WHICH CROSSES IN BACK AND FASTENS IN FRONT. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3105—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS WHICH HAS A POINTED YOKE, A PLEATED SKIRT AND LOTS OF STYLE. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 10 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅜ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3072—A BECOMING HOUSE DRESS WITH A SLENDER FRONT PANEL AND SMART SLEEVES. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3107—THIS CHIC JUNIOR FROCK HAS A DROPPED SHOULDER YOKE WITH A NOVEL NECKLINE AND PUFFED SLEEVES. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric and ⅛ yard 36-inch ruffling.

Pattern 3106—THE SLASHED FRONT SUGGESTS MANY KINDS OF SMART BOWS AND THINGS AT THE NECKLINE SEE THE LITTLE SKETCH. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅜ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3113—AN ENSEMBLE WITH A JABOT COLLAR . JUST RIGHT FOR SATIN OR ONE OF THE NEW WOOLENS. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅜ yard contrasting.

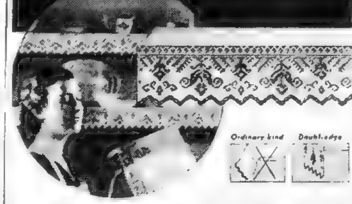
Price of Patterns, 15 Cents Each.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBER AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

This new pattern feature now running in The American Weekly is interesting fashion news—plus—explicit information as to how you can make the new things your own by using the easily-understood diagrammed sewing chart, which so simplifies dressmaking that even an inexperienced person can follow it step by step to certain success. *Please note carefully the address to which orders are to be sent!*

New double-edge paper keeps
SHELVES SHIP-SHAPE
four times longer!



ROYLACE DOUBL-EDGE SHELVING is four times stronger (by actual test) than ordinary shelf paper that goes limp and curls up with the first breath of dampness. The patented double edge looks, wears and feels like fabric. It saves work and it can't have to be changed for months. Yet Roylace Doubl-edge costs only 5c for nine feet at any Five and Dime, department or neighborhood store! There are also 10c size packages.

Smart women are saving plenty by trimming shoe and hat closets, bath cabinets, pantries, linen and dish shelves with Roylace Doubl-edge. Decorators who never before used paper are advocating it, in the new fall patterns to match everything. Look at Roylace the first time you shop . . . *feel the firm double edge.* Buy your first supply and spruce up all your neglected shelves with it.

NOTE: Illustrated above is new cross-stitch pattern [illegible] red blue yellow or green on [illegible]. [illegible] another new fall pattern in many color combinations. The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Roylace
DOUBL-EDGE SHELF PAPER

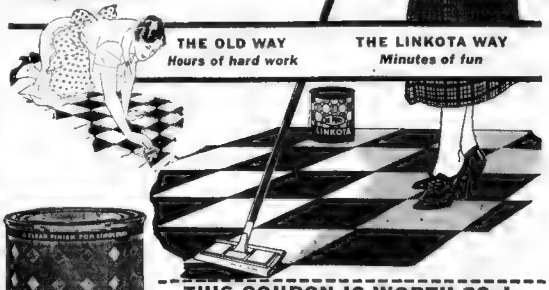
New!
QUICK EASY WAY to VARNISH LINOLEUM
DUPONT LINKOTA
and the
VARNISH SPREADER



Refinishing your floors with the amazing new LINKOTA Varnish Spreader is almost as easy as mopping them. All you do is pour a little LINKOTA on the floor . . . then smooth it out evenly with the Spreader.

No stooping down . . . no aching muscles . . . no long, tedious, messy brushing. The job's done before you know it! The Spreader not only does the work faster, but gives a better, smoother finish.

LINKOTA is a finish made by du Pont especially for the protection of linoleum. Water cannot spot it; grease cannot stain it. It makes worn, scuffed linoleum look like new—overnight. And LINKOTA-finished linoleum is easier to *keep* spotless and sanitary; a light mopping every now and then is all it needs. For LINKOTA *seals out* dirt—putting an end to tiresome scrubbing. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Wilmington, Delaware.





THIS COUPON IS WORTH 32c!
Cut it out and present it at any hardware, paint or department store that handles LINKOTA, and get

ONE QUART LINKOTA and VARNISH SPREADER	ONE PINT LINKOTA and VARNISH SPREADER
($1.65 value)	($1.29 value)
$1.33	97c

NOT A WAX—A LUSTROUS, LONG-WEARING VARNISH!

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Here's striking evidence of something new . . . something better

Lasting silence, new asset in low-priced field, made possible by costly "Jeweled Movement" construction with non-vibrating engine



Almost Vibrationless! [illegible]

LAFAYETTE

Manufactured by THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF SPECIAL 4 DOOR, 6 WINDOW LAFAYETTE SEDAN WITH TRUNK, $745 F. O. B. FACTORY. *The graceful, built-in trunk holds more than a full size wardrobe trunk!*

Standard Two-Door Sedan

$595 F. O. B. FACTORY

WHAT YOU GET

LASTING SILENCE and smoothness—a unique asset arising from LaFayette's special "jeweled movement" construction • 80-MILES AN HOUR—VIBRATIONLESS • AMAZING GASOLINE ECONOMY • ACCELERATION FROM 5 TO 50 MILES AN HOUR IN 16½ SECONDS IN HIGH GEAR • A BIGGER, ROOMIER BODY • GREATER OVERALL LENGTH—189½ Inches.

A UNIQUE TEST! Important to all who drive low-priced cars! Of especial interest to those who are tired of the rattles and squeaks, the loss of power which often develop toward the end of the first year!

The "jeweled movement" LaFayette has been planned and engineered especially to overcome these common handicaps. *How* they have been overcome is illustrated in part by the striking "hand [illegible]" test. A non-vibrating engine is one of the results of the LaFayette's costly "jeweled movement" construction.

This remarkable new car has been created and put on the market only because Nash has found a way to offer you a totally new asset in the lowest price-field—the smooth, lasting silence and riding luxury of expensive cars.

Built into the "jeweled movement" LaFayette is a series of costly, proven construction features *never before used in a low-priced car*. These "jeweled movement" features—12 in all—range from refinements in engine construction to more silent, more certain brakes and special sound-proofing in the body.

If you want the most for your dollar today—and a year from today—get the facts on the "jeweled movement" LaFayette from your nearest Nash-LaFayette dealer. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

F. O. B. PRICES — SIX-CYLINDER LAFAYETTE:

Three Standard models	$595 to $695
Five Special models	$635 to $745

Large capacity, streamlined, built-in trunks available in both Standard and Special Sedans

Individual [illegible] springing front wheels optional equipment on all Special models without extra charge. Extra equipment at low cost. All prices subject to change without notice.

Nash Motors is now building the lowest-priced Twin Ignition powered Nash models ever built. Prices range from $775, f. o. b. factory, for the Nash 4-door Sedan.

NASH NEW ENGLAND COMPANY, 640 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS

ACTON—Holland Motor Co.
ALLSTON—Harvard Avenue Garage
ARLINGTON—R. D. Lurvey
BELMONT—Wheaton Motor Co.
BROCKTON—Bradford Garage Co.
BROOKLINE—Howard Motors, Inc.
CAMBRIDGE—Harold Smith, Inc.
CLINTON—Chestnut Hill Garage
CONCORD—Concord Motor Co., Inc.
DEDHAM—Sidney Colburn
DORCHESTER—Camden Motor
DORCHESTER—Columbia Motor Co., Inc.
E. MILTON—Kelley's Garage, Inc.
EDGARTOWN—Martha's Vineyard Nash Sales & Service
FALL RIVER—Isherwood's Garage & Electrical Co.
FITCHBURG—Carl J. Anderson
GARDNER—Gardner Nash Co., Inc.
GLOUCESTER—Gloucester-Nash Co.
GREENFIELD—Geo. W. Wilcox, Inc.
HAVERHILL—L. C. Bunker
HOLYOKE—Nash Motor Sales, Inc.
HYDE PARK—Hyde Park Automobile Co.
LAWRENCE—Robinson-Toohey Co.
LEE—Sylvester M. Church
LEXINGTON—Lexington Nash Motors
LOWELL—Nash-Middlesex Corp.
LYNN—Daniel A. Johnson
MALDEN—Malden Center Garage, Inc.
MEDFORD—R. H. Wheeler, Inc.
MELROSE—Smith Bros. Garage, Inc.
MIDDLEBORO—Middleboro Nash Co.
MILFORD—Nash Milford Co.
NATICK—Robinson Motors, Inc.
NEW BEDFORD—Furnans Auto Co., Inc.
NEWBURYPORT—Hoyt's Garage
NEWTON CENTER—August Osterlund, Inc.
NORTH ADAMS—Ashland Garage
NORTHAMPTON—Montgomery Motor Co.
NORWOOD—Norwood Auto Station, Inc.
NO. WEYMOUTH—Central Motor Mart
ORANGE—Quinn's Auto Service
PITTSFIELD—Berkshire Nash, Inc.
PLYMOUTH—Briggs Motor Sales, Inc.
PROVINCETOWN—Connell's Garage
QUINCY—Nash-Quincy Corp.
ROXBURY—Homestead Motor Car Co., Inc.
SALEM—Salem Nash Co.
SOMERVILLE—Union Motor Sales, Inc.
SO. BOSTON—Broadway Tire & Battery Service
SOUTHBRIDGE—Miller's Garage
SPRINGFIELD—Gendon Bros., Inc.
SPRINGFIELD—Springfield Nash Co., Inc.
TAUNTON—Howard L. White Co.
WAKEFIELD—A. H. Saunders Auto Sales & Service
WALTHAM—John W. Gardner Motor Co.
WARE—Ware Nash Co.
WAREHAM—Robbins Garage
WATERTOWN—Everett Bros., Inc.
WEBSTER—Lavoie Auto Parts Co.
WELLESLEY—Wellesley Nash Co.
WESTFIELD—Cooley Motor Co.
W. ROXBURY—Bellevue Garage
WILLIAMSTOWN—Thomas McMahon
WORCESTER—M. E. Tuller Co.

CONNECTICUT

DANIELSON—Sand's Garage
NEW LONDON—R. P. Smith
NORWICH—Ring Bros.
SO. MANCHESTER—Wetherell Motor Sales

MAINE

AUGUSTA—Wadleigh Motor Co.
BANGOR—Norris Motors
BAR HARBOR—Cleaves Motor Co.
BATH—Prescott's Garage
BELFAST—City Garage
BINGHAM—Danforth Nash Co., Inc.
CARIBOU—Young Nash Co.
DAMORISCOTTA—Hall's Garage
DANFORTH—W. C. MacLeod
DOVER-FOXCROFT—Piscataquis Motor Co.
EASTPORT—LeRoy H. Daggett
ELLSWORTH—Cleaves Motor Co.
FARMINGTON—Farmington-Nash Co.
FT. FAIRFIELD—Medford Locke
FT. KENT—F. W. Pelletier
LEWISTON—Portland-Nash Co.
LIVERMORE FALLS—Central Garage
MADAWASKA—F. W. Pelletier
MADISON—Danforth Nash Co., Inc.
MARS HILL—Mars Hill Nash Co.
MILLINOCKET—G. W. MacKay
NEWPORT—Russell's Garage
PORTLAND—Portland Nash Co.
PRESQUE ISLE—C. C. De Long
ROCKLAND—Rockland Nash Co.
RUMFORD—C. I. Putnam
SACO—York County Motor Corp.
SANFORD—J. Clyde Bicknell
SKOWHEGAN—Lewis A. Caswell
WASHBURN—John R. Stairs
WATERVILLE—Nash Gifford, Inc.
WOODLAND—Woodland Garage

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CLAREMONT—Russell Motor Car Co.
CONCORD—Boutwell Garage, Inc.
DOVER—Coleman's Milk Street Garage
EXETER—G. F. Lord
GORHAM—LeBlanc Motor Sales
KEENE—Fairfield's Garage
LANCASTER—M. A. Osgood & Son
LEBANON—Olney Service Corp.
MANCHESTER—New Hampshire Auto Co.
NASHUA—New Hampshire Auto Co.
NORTH CONWAY—Main Street Garage
PORTSMOUTH—Hobbs Motor Co.
ROCHESTER—W. E. Fellows

RHODE ISLAND

BRISTOL—Franklin St. Garage
NEWPORT—Newport Nash
PAWTUCKET—Franklin Motors, Inc
PROVIDENCE—Nash Co. of Providence
E. PROVIDENCE—James Motor & Service Co.
WOONSOCKET—Woonsocket-Nash [illegible]
WARWICK (West)—Petrarca Auto Sales

VERMONT

BARRE—Granite City Auto Sales
BELLOWS FALLS—Fifield & Sons
BENNINGTON—Putnam House Garage
BRANDON—Pate's Garage
BURLINGTON—Johnson & Little
FAIRFAX—Elmhurst Garage
MIDDLEBURY—Gorham Bros. Garage
NORTHFIELD—Cross Bros. Co. Garage
POULTNEY—Rawson-Smith, Inc.
RANDOLPH—Pierce Motor Sales
RUTLAND—Gosselin Sales & Service
ST. JOHNSBURY—M. W. Devereaux

THE YAN SWAGGERS BY RISS COLESTOVER





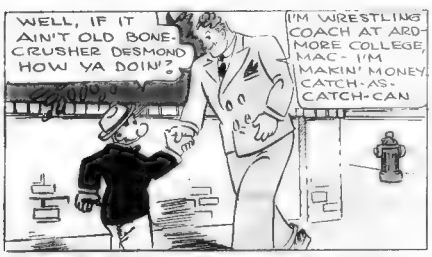






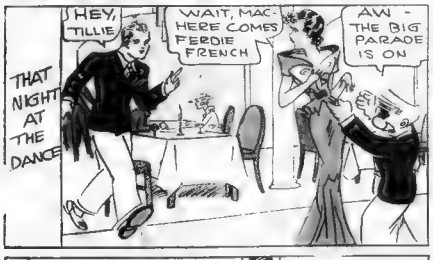


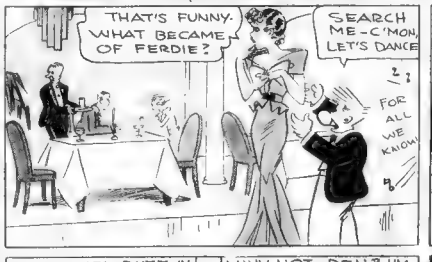
Tillie the Toiler















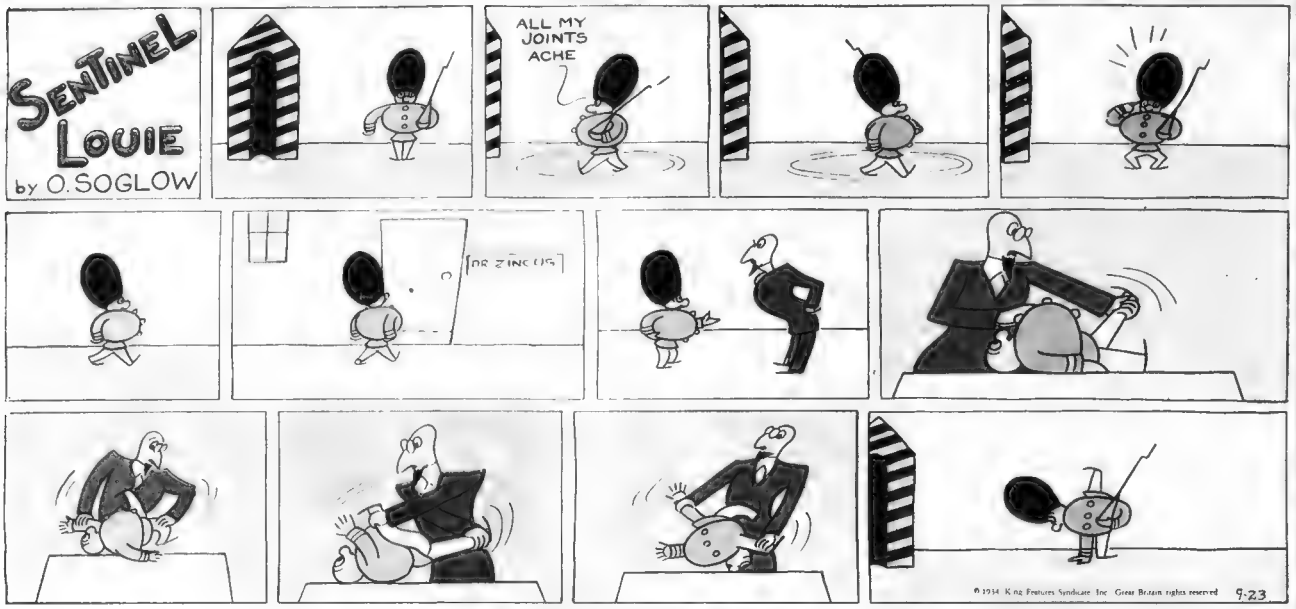




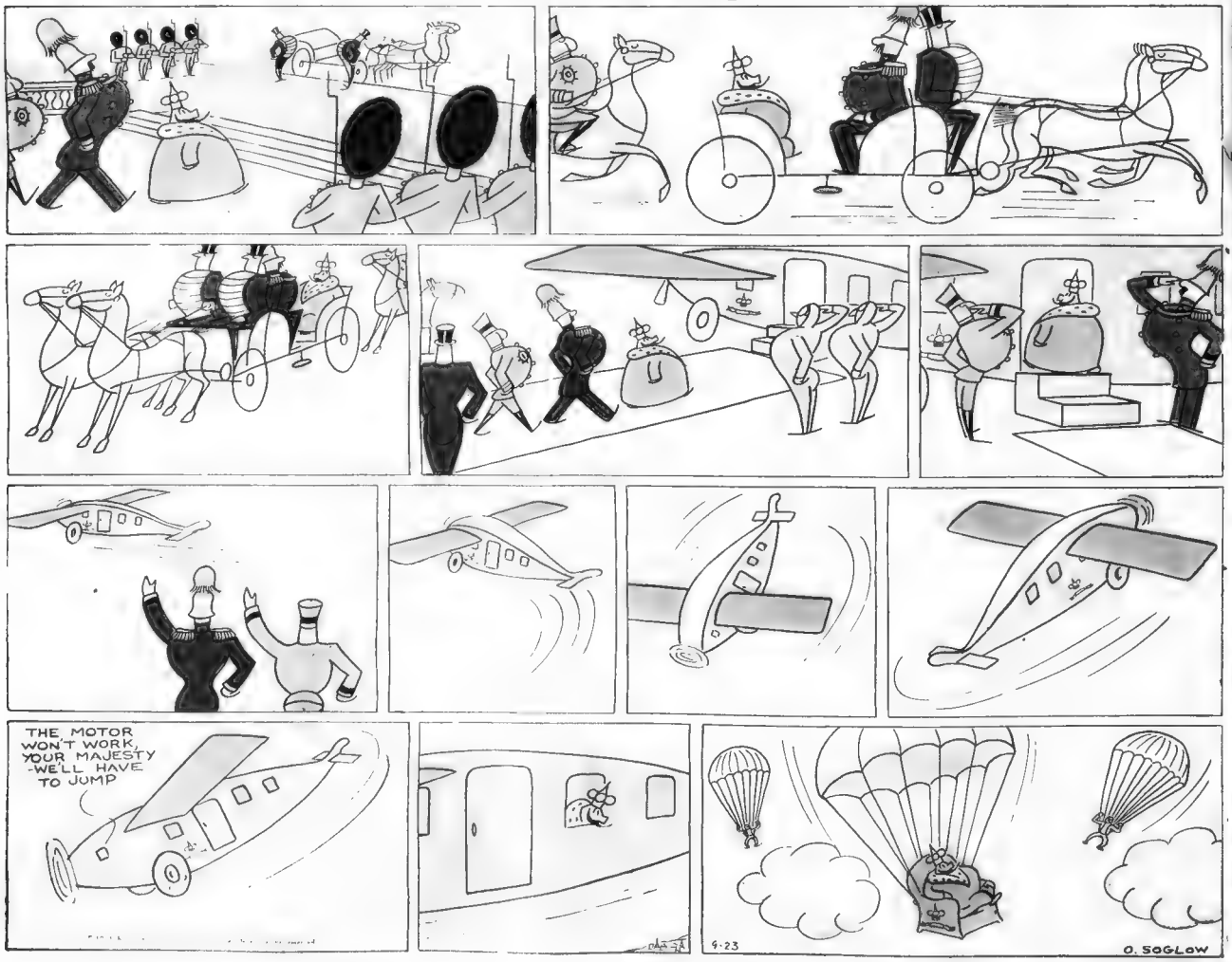






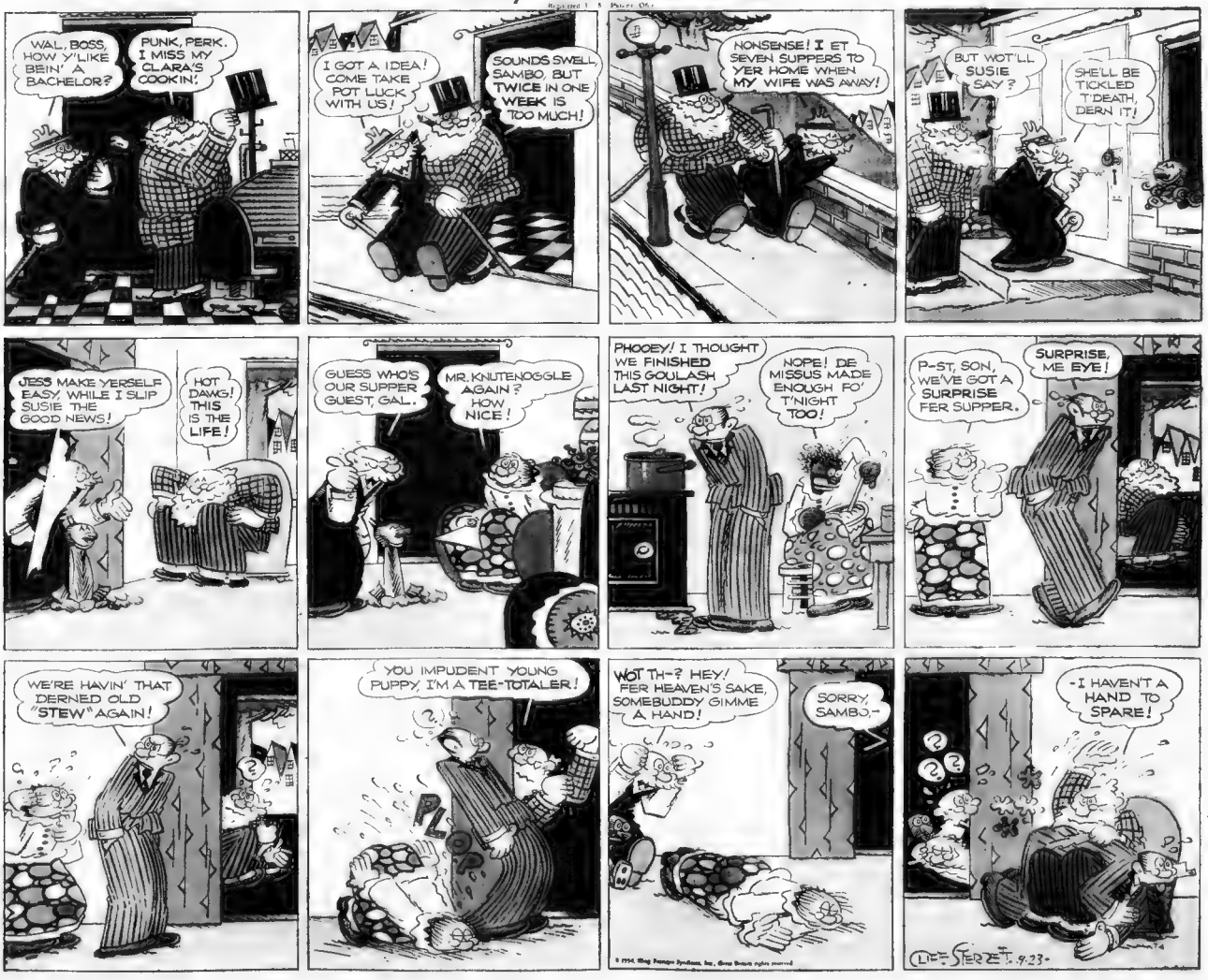


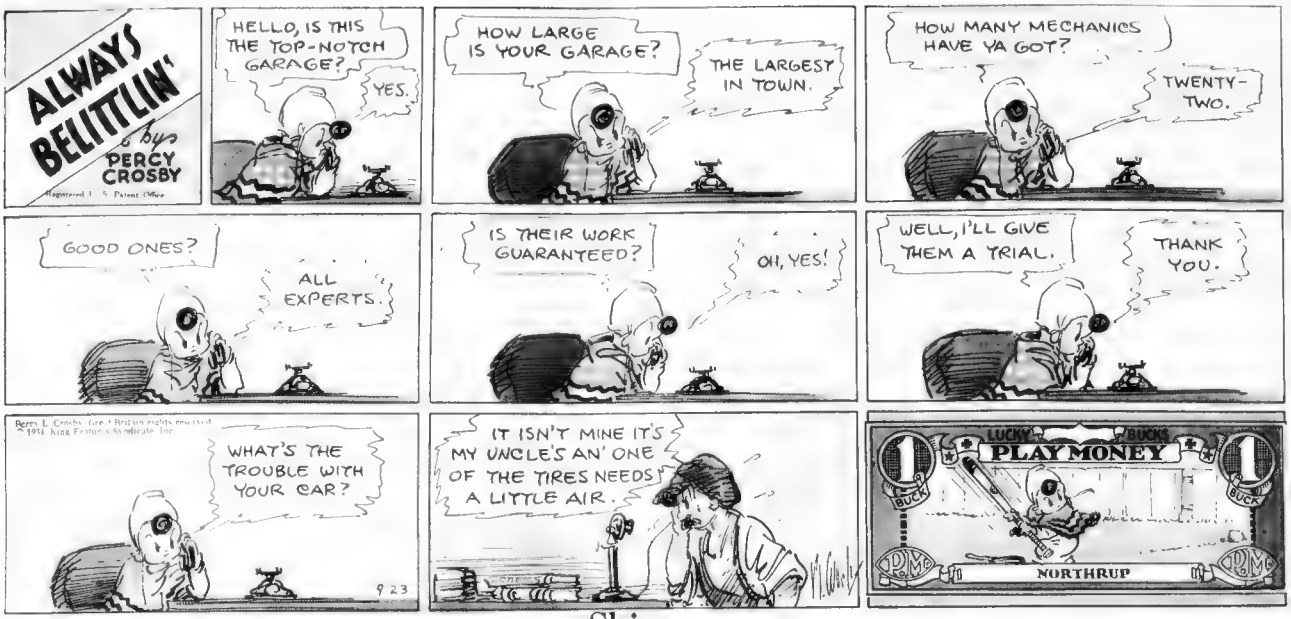
The Little King





Polly and Her Pals




ALWAYS BELITTLIN'
by PERCY CROSBY
Registered U. S. Patent Office
HELLO, IS THIS THE TOP-NOTCH GARAGE?
YES.
HOW LARGE IS YOUR GARAGE?
THE LARGEST IN TOWN.
HOW MANY MECHANICS HAVE YA GOT?
TWENTY-TWO.
GOOD ONES?
ALL EXPERTS.
IS THEIR WORK GUARANTEED?
OH, YES!
WELL, I'LL GIVE THEM A TRIAL.
THANK YOU.
Perry L. Crosby, Gtr. Britain rights reserved
© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOUR CAR?
9 23
IT ISN'T MINE IT'S MY UNCLE'S AN' ONE OF THE TIRES NEEDS A LITTLE AIR.
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAY MONEY
1 BUCK
NORTHRUP

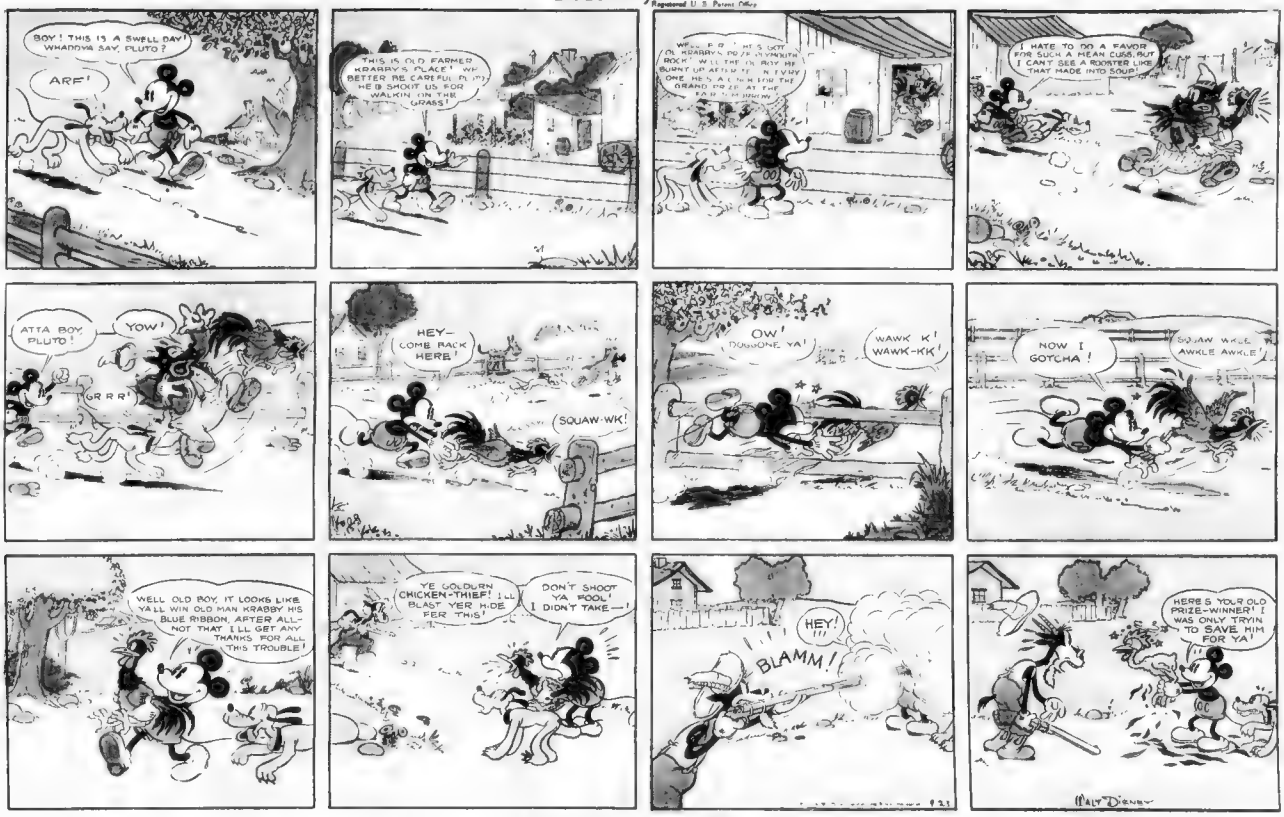
Skippy


WHY NOT? YA LET OTHER KIDS TAKE IT.
NOT UNTIL THEY PASS THE TEST I GIVE THEM.
WELL, HOW ABOUT ME TAKIN' THE TEST?
SURE. MEET ME AT THE CLUB IN TEN MINUTES.
NOW YOU STAND RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE.
READ THE FIRST LINE.
A.C.D.
ACD
OTM
ZHO
READ THE SECOND LINE.
O.T.M.
WHAT WOULD YA DO IF YOU WERE MAKIN' A LEFT TURN?
HOLD OUT MY HAND.
WHO HAS THE RIGHT OF WAY?
THE GUY ON MY RIGHT.
THAT'S ALL, COME ON.
Perry L. Crosby, Gtr. Brit. rights reserved
© 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
NOW BE CAREFUL WITH IT.
9-23

Mickey Mouse

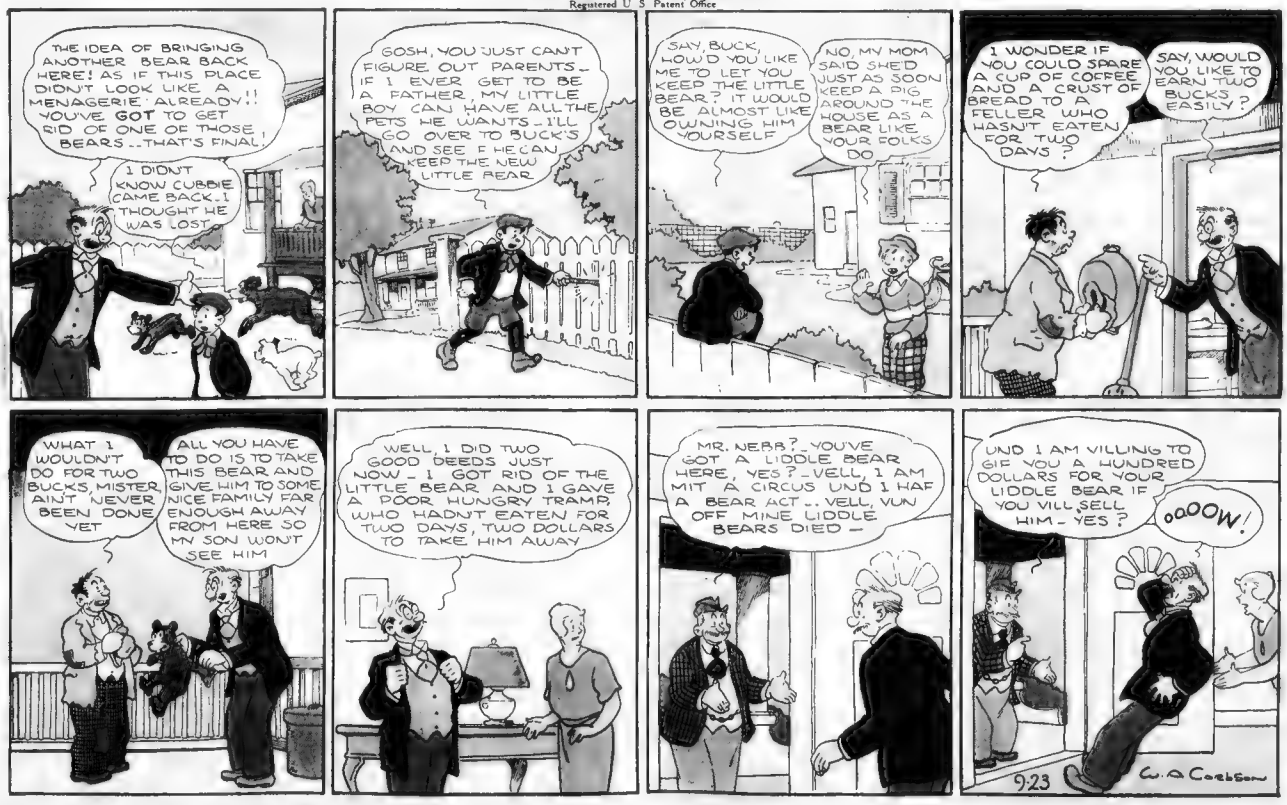
Registered U. S. Patent Office

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1934



THE NEBBS

Registered U. S. Patent Office

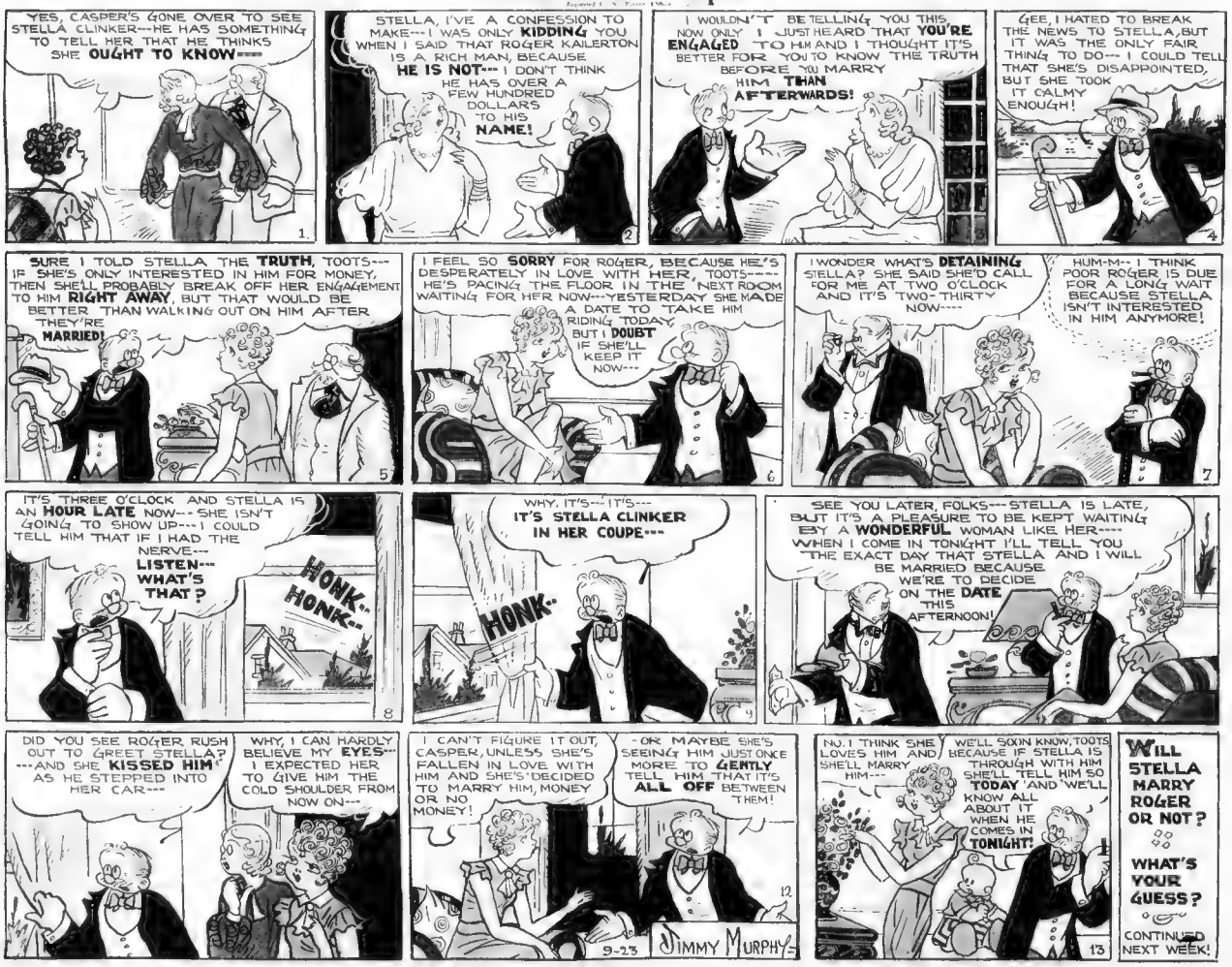


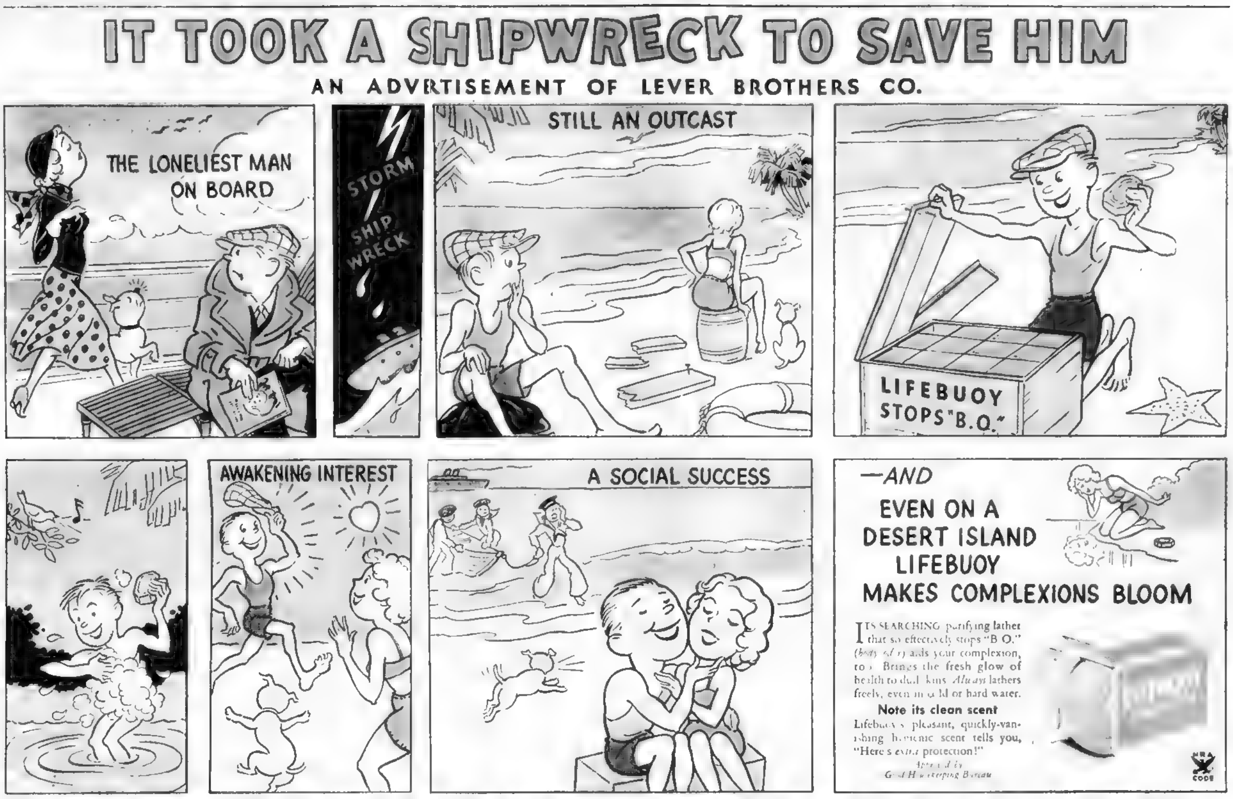
IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!

by JIMMY MURPHY



Toots and Casper





IT TOOK A SHIPWRECK TO SAVE HIM
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.
THE LONELIEST MAN ON BOARD
STORM
SHIP WRECK
STILL AN OUTCAST
LIFEBUOY STOPS "B.O."
AWAKENING INTEREST
A SOCIAL SUCCESS
—AND
EVEN ON A DESERT ISLAND LIFEBUOY MAKES COMPLEXIONS BLOOM
Note its clean scent
"Here's extra protection!"
NRA CODE



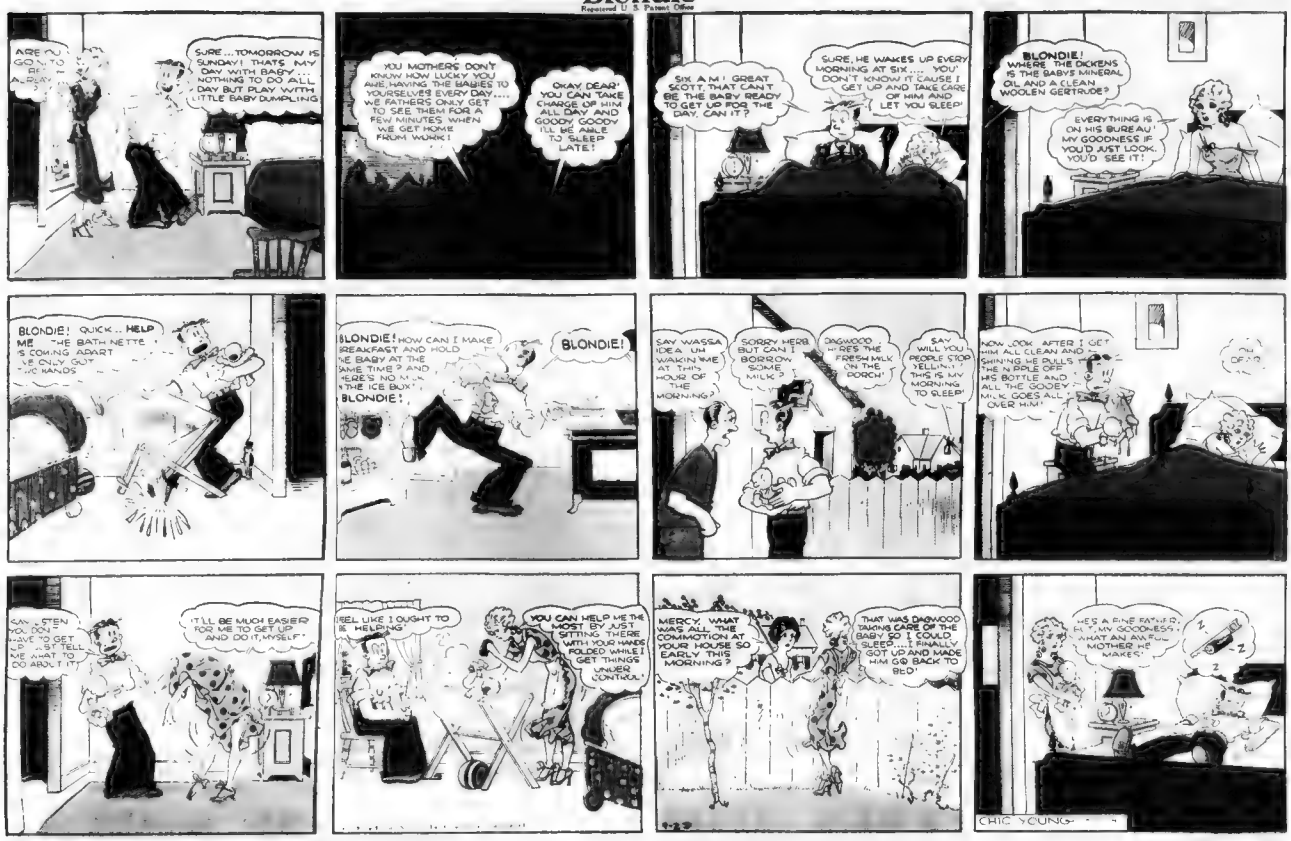
MAKES AN EASY JOB OF WASHDAY NOW...
SAY, WHAT IS THIS, A WILD WEST SHOW? YOU BETTER GET OFF, BOBBY
GIDDYAP! GIDDYAP!
OH, LET HIM PLAY, I DON'T MIND IT
BUT TODAY IS MONDAY. YOUR BACK MUST BE LAME FROM SCRUBBING
YOU'RE A DEAR, RALPH, BUT I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO BACKACHES FOREVER. I WASH CLOTHES A NEW EASY WAY NOW
-WITH THIS NEW SOAP I'M USING... RINSO... I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TOUCH A WASHBOARD. RINSO'S CREAMY SUDS SOAK CLOTHES SNOWY
THAT'S THE BEST NEWS I'VE HEARD IN YEARS
YOU SILLY BOYS! NOW I'LL HAVE MORE TIME TO SPEND WITH YOU. WASHDAY USED TO TIRE ME OUT SO. BUT RINSO SAVES MY STRENGTH... BESIDES GETTING THE CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER
SO DO I!
I LOVE MUMMY!
saves the hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG package. Once you try Rinso you'll never be satisfied with ordinary soaps again
NRA CODE
Rinso
THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA



MY RAZOR BLADES AREN'T MUCH BETTER
YOU'RE ON ... TRY IT TOMORROW MORNING
LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM PLEASE. I'VE GOT A TOUGH BEARD AND SENSITIVE SKIN
DON'T WORRY. LIFEBUOY WILL TAKE CARE OF BOTH
GOSH, WHAT A LATHER! A LIFEBUOY SHAVE IS THE SHAVE FOR ME — SMOOTH AND EASY AND MY FACE FEELS LIKE A MILLION
Drown your shaving troubles in this extra-moist, soothing lather
so they come off clean and easy. Soothes the skin. Try it.
LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

Blondie

Registered U. S. Patent Office



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

Nosing Around With Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante



When your Gelatin is Hot...

SMELL IT!

Bend over the bowl and sniff the rising vapor.

With *ORDINARY* gelatin desserts, the *odor is unpleasant.*

With **ROYAL**, you get just a delightful fruity aroma.

Royal *tastes* delicious, too!

Seven fruit flavors: Orange, Lemon, Lime, Pineapple, Strawberry, Raspberry and Cherry. Also the new Royal Aspic (unsweetened) for making delicious jellied soups and moulded meats and salads.

Also Royal Chocolate and Vanilla Puddings, made with arrowroot.

FRESH! FADING... ALMOST GONE!

Fruit flavors fade out quickly. That's why Royal is rushed in grocers by the same delivery system that carries Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. With Royal you can count on an abundance of fresh fruit flavor!

Copyright 1934, by Standard Brands Incorporated

Tim Tyler's Luck

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1934



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF M. HOHNER, Inc.



IT'S nice to be popular with your friends —to be invited to all the parties—in on all the good times! Well, that is what happens if you are a good harmonica player.

Thousands of boys and girls all over the country have found the Harmonica a short cut to popularity. At school or at play, at parties or meetings, the harmonica player is the center of a group of swaying, singing boys and girls. Thousands of schools have harmonica bands, and are they popular both with teachers and pupils! If you haven't one in your school, why don't you suggest it to your teacher.

Easy to Learn

Without costing you a cent you can learn to play the Harmonica like a professional in a short time. Mail the coupon below for free Illustrated Instruction Book "The Art of Playing the Harmonica."

You don't have to know one note from another. This book *tells* and *shows* you just what to do. Just follow the simple instructions and in a short time you'll be amazing your friends with the way you can perform.

Hohner Harmonicas the "world's best"

For fifty years Hohner Harmonicas have been the choice of professionals everywhere because they are true in tone, accurate in pitch, perfect in quality and workmanship. Every player plays a Hohner—every player knows why—and with a Hohner Harmonica you always have the satisfaction of knowing that you own the "world's best"—one on which you can play everything from jazz and "blues" to opera.

Our Special $1.00 Offer

Our special offer includes one of the famous "Marine Band" Harmonicas and gives you everything you require to become an accomplished harmonica player —complete harmonica instruction book and a wide range of musical selections including material for two, three and four part work.

Fill out the coupon today for your free Instruction Book. And if you wish the one dollar special offer include post office money order or check for one dollar and it will be sent prepaid at once.



FREE

Illustrated HARMONICA INSTRUCTION BOOK



This Splendid "Marine Band" Harmonica is included in Our Special $1.00 Offer, at the right. Read it carefully!



$1.00 SPECIAL OFFER $1.00

"Marine Band" Harmonica the famous instrument whose simplicity and accuracy of tone have given it an international reputation.

"Harmonica Budget of Famous Melodies" contains 45 popular and operatic melodies—some arranged for four part harmony playing.

"Modern Harmonica Method"—20 old time selections for Harmonica with piano accompaniment.

"New Standard Harmonica Course"—200 well known selections for the Harmonica.

"New Standard Harmony Course for the Harmonica"—50 selections arranged for two and three part Harmonica playing.

"Almeda March" A stirring, peppy number. Easily played by beginners.

Big New Instruction Book "How To Play the 'Chromonica' and 'Super Chromonica'" (Chromatic Harmonicas). The regular retail cost of the above material is $3.85. While this offer lasts it will be sent, postage prepaid for $1.00. In ordering please use the coupon.

This Offer available only in U.S.A. Outside U.S.A., $1.50

M. HOHNER, Inc., Dept. 925-J
351 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

A.W.-9-24

☐ Please send me without cost your Free Instruction Book "The Art of Playing the Harmonica"

☐ Please send me your Dollar Special Offer (HOW MANY)

I enclose ☐money order or ☐ check for $.....

NAME.....
PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

HOHNER *Harmonicas*

M. Hohner, Inc • 351 Fourth Avenue • New York City

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND SINK - STARRING

BUNKY

by BILLY DE BECK

Registered U. S. Patent Office

OHOH... WHAT'S DIS? DAT AIN'T DE GUY WE FIXED....

PIPE DOWN, RAF, DE CROWD'LL HEAR YA... YER IN A TOUGH SPOT IF DAT INJUN CAN "TAKE IT"

?

MR. REFEREE.. I WISH TO ENTER MY FRIEND 'CHIEF MOOSE NOSE' IN THIS CONTEST FOR THE $500.00

ME HURT IN FEET

HI, MOOSEY, HOW'S YER DOGS FEEL?

SCALP 'IM, MOOSENOSE, AN' GIT TH' DOUGH...

I DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS, PICKLES!

JIS' STEP UP AN' PASTE HIM ONE ON DE' KISSER, RAF, OL' BOY. OL' BWOY! HE'S A PUSHOUT..

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE MOOSENOSE!! YOU MUST WIN THE $500.00 TO PAY OUR HOTEL BILL OR WE'LL GO TO JAIL. JUST STAY ONE ROUND WITH HIM THAT'S ALL. SNIF-SNIF ONE ROUND

MOOSE NOSE HURT IN FEET..

LADEEZ 'N' GENT'MEN, IN THIS CORNER - ONE-PUNCH RAFFERTY... AN' OVER THERE SAAY.... WOT'S GITTIN' INTO TH' INJUN LOOKIT 'IM, RAF..

MOOSE NOSE DON'T ACT SO NERVOUS

♪ WUP-WUP-WUP-WUP WUPWUPWUP

BOY!!! THAT WAR WHOOP SENDS A CHILL DOWN MY BACK-BONE

KNEE-HI KNOODLES

GIMME ANOTHER PIECE, SIS, AN' I WON'T HIDE UNDER TH' COUCH LIKE I DID LAST NIGHT

SEPT. 23

Barney Google

EF HIT HEDN'T HEV BEEN FUR WHUT HAPPENED LAS' WEEK, I MOUGHT LET TH' CITY CRITTER OFF FUR AWHILE... BUT I HEV HED EZ MUCH O' TH' FURRINER, GOOGLE, EZ I AM A-GOIN' TER SWALLER!

OL' AB CROCKET, HE ACTS A LEETLE TETCHED IN TH' HEAD-PIECE.. I DON'T SEE EZ THEM GOOGLES IS ENNY WUSS 'N TH' CROCKETS, NOHOW!

I'VE KNOWED AB CROCKET FIFTY YEAR, NIGH 'BOUT, AN' I HAIN'T NEVER SEED HIM SO RILED UP IN ALL MAH BORNED DAYS...

I DON'T SEE NO SENSE IN SHOOTIN' FOLKSES DOWN LIKE THEY WUZ NOTHIN' BETTER'N SWAMP RABBITS..

I ALLOW TH' CITY CRITTER'D BE A PEACEABLE NOUGH HUMARN BEIN' EF HE HAIN'T JAWED AT AN' WAR LEF' BE..

I CAIN'T FUR TH' LIFE O ME SEE WHUT LUCY-BELLE SEES IN TH' CRITTER.' TH' WAY SHE STICKS UP FER HIM IS SUNTHIN' SCAND'LOUS..

LAWS-A-ME!! HYEH COMES LUCY-BELLE NAOW.. SHE'S A-PUFFIN' AN' A-BLOWIN' AN' HER EYES AIR STICKIN' OUT BIGGER'N DUCK AIGS..

I DECLAR TER GOODNESS, LUCY-BELLE.. YER PLUMB TUCKERED OUT - LIGHT DOWN AN' SET A SPELL..

WHAR'S AB CROCKET? EF HE DON' QUIT PESTERIN' 'ROUND MR. GOOGLE'S DWELLIN' HOUSE - A-SKEERIN' EVER BODY, SOME-UNS AOT TER TELL JUS' WHAR HIS STILL AIR A-WORKIN' AN' I RECKON HE HAIN'T HANKERIN' FER THET!!

'PEARS SHE AIR POWERFUL TUK UP WITH THET PESKY CITY FELLER, EMMY.

MR. GOOGLE. THAR'S A MIGHTY DISTURBAMINT DOWN IN TH' HOLLER...

GOOD NIGHT!! YOU TOLD 'EM YOU'D TIP OFF THE REVENUE AGENTS ABOUT CROCKET'S STILL...??

GULP

THET'S JES' WHUT I DONE, MR. GOOGLE... AB CROCKET, HE BETTER BE KAREFUL, ER HE'LL FIND HISSE'F IN TH' JAIL-HOUSE AN' HIT'LL SERVE HIM RIGHT.

LUCY-BELLE, THAT WAS THE DUMBEST CRACK YOU'VE MADE YET. NOW I AM UP AGAINST IT... I'M GONNA TAKE THE KIDS AND SCRAM OUTTA HERE..

WITH YOU-UNS GONE, I'M GONER BE EZ LONESOME EZ A B'AR IN A HOLLER TREE..

MY LAWS! FETCH ME THET SHOOTIN'-IRN QUICK..

SEPT. 23

?

ZING

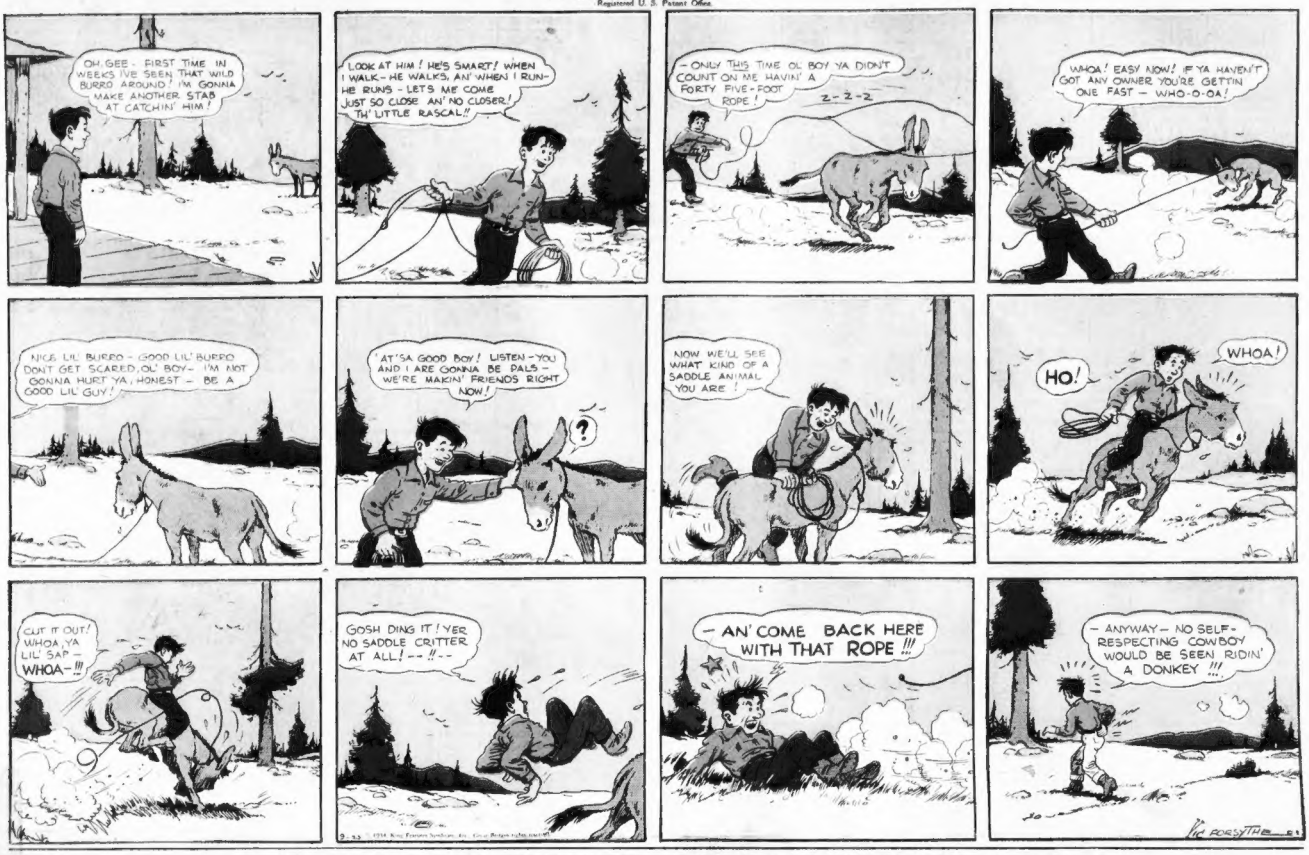
BANG

SPARK PLUG

TO BE CONTINUED

Way Out West

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

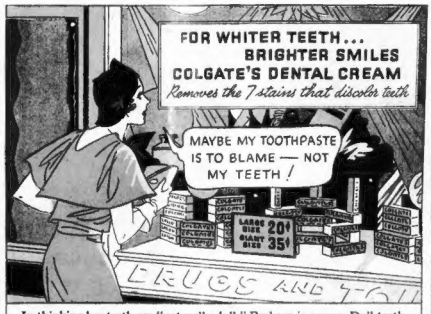


AN ADVERTISEMENT BY THE MAKERS OF COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Barbara's going places — since she's flashed a Brighter Smile



You can hardly blame Barbara for talking back to the loud-speaker as she sits at home alone. For Barbara has about despaired of ever having white, beautiful teeth like other girls she knows—popular girls with winning smiles. Because Barbara's teeth never get any whiter no matter how faithfully she brushes them.



In thinking her teeth are "naturally dull," Barbara is wrong. Dull teeth are only stained teeth. They become stained by everything we eat and drink and smoke. There are 7 different kinds of stains, and unless all 7 are removed *completely*, they build up slowly and gradually, until finally our teeth become stained—discolored.



Most toothpastes fail to remove all 7 stains. Because most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action. And two actions are needed—the *two* you get in Colgate's Dental Cream. First, a penetrating foam washes away most of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, and in addition, polishes the teeth to a brilliant lustre.





Colgate's can give *you* a brighter smile, too. At 20c for the large-size tube, it's the most economical of all good toothpastes. It also leaves your mouth refreshed, your breath sweet. Start using Colgate's today, and have whiter teeth... a brighter smile.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

IF ONE TUBE OF COLGATE'S DOESN'T MAKE YOUR TEETH WHITER

If, after using one tube, you're not satisfied that Colgate's has made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any other toothpaste you've ever used ... just send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J.... and twice what you paid for the toothpaste, plus postage, will be returned to you.

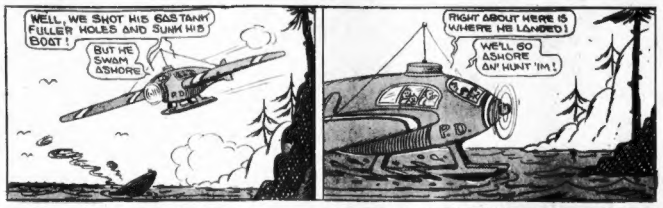
If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results... sells at the same low prices.



TUNE IN! Joe Cook and Colgate House Party. Every Monday Night 8:30 P. M. (E. D. S. T.)... N. B. C. stations.

DINGLE-HOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH — BY KNERR

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The Katzenjammer Kids

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